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II. SOCIAL LIFE

Government—Property

Settlements were minute: Jack recalled none with as many as ten huts; usually there were from two to four. As a child he lived with his parents and maternal grandparents; the neighbors, about thirty feet away, were not kin.

Though Bill spoke of Captain Jim as chief (tc.upe"yu) of all the Washo, this was probably a recent development. Bill could not say whether Jim had inherited the office from his father. When the "captain" went to Washington, D.C., he took with him as assistant Dick Bender, who had been to the Indian School in Carson and spoke fair English. It is not clear that Jim and Dick were related, but both were p'alaa"ci (see below).

The chief had nothing to do with fighting enemies or adjusting quarrels within the tribe; his sole function was to arrange dances and other gatherings, where he would exhort the Washo to be good (Dave, Bill). Jack's notion of a typical speech follows:[1]

> Behave well, do not fight, play! If you lose, do not get angry. Play ball; some win, others lose. Play the basket game. Shoot rabbits, eat them. Make soup and eat it. After a while, shoot deer. Shoot grouse, sage hen, mountain quail, ground hogs, ground squirrels, meadow squirrels, small squirrels, mice. Go and hunt antelope and mountain sheep. Spear fish!

Daisy Bender and Big Susie gave this version of one of Captain Jim's speeches:[2]

> Dance! Interlocking your fingers, dance! Husbands, interlock fingers, now with interlocking fingers dance! Dance! Then dance with your wives. Behave properly! Don't fight. Dance with your wives, make your wives sleep well.

Special headmen led in hunting jack rabbits, deer, and antelope, respectively. The antelope headman dreamed the right to office; the two others were purely secular leaders, the rabbit chief, according to Dave, being chosen by the people.

Property rights were maintained for clumps of pine-nut trees, patches being marked off by lines of rocks. Bill's patch was west of Double Spring, he and his brother, Charlie Buell, having inherited from their father. Bill's mother claimed clumps west of Mountain House, some falling to my informant's share. Sally, his sister, might properly have claimed part, but did not do so. Brothers never quarreled over pine-nut privileges; and if they had plenty, they would allow a married sister to pick from their tract. On the other hand, trespass by a stranger was resented, the owner rebuking him with such words as, "Don't pick pine nuts here! They are not yours, but mine." This might even lead to fighting. Mrs. Hardy, the postmistress of Coleville (in 1926), told me that the Indians meticulously respected one another's claims. Dave's father and paternal uncle owned four patches, of which Dave inherited one. A thief's pole was sometimes broken up by the rightful owner of a patch.

[1] Recorded in Washo. [2] Recorded in Washo.

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hunting, killed a deer, squirrel, or what not, and, delivering the following speech (Bill), gave his wife to eat:

> This time we are going to eat. This woman for a long time has not eaten meat. I am going to feed her. You, Washo, here you will cook it. Anything I find I'll feed the woman. All of you, you will cook. Cook, you will bring it here, then we'll all eat.

The husband shared his wife's fast only for the first two or three days after the birth, being subsequently free to eat anything. The mother did not drink any cold water after the delivery lest "it should kill her quickly."

According to Dave, no man was allowed near the woman in confinement. The navel cord was cut with a wooden knife as sharp as a razor. After the delivery the mother drank a sugar-pine potion "to make the blood come out." The father had to stay away; after the child's birth he bathed in a creek lest the baby die. He also gave some man a buckskin, which helped keep disease away from the infant. The mother stayed at home for about ten days; her month's meat fast was "in order not to raise up the blood again." A woman who had given birth to four children no longer observed this taboo (Jack).

People liked twins and sometimes laughed at one of them, saying, "That man does more work than others" (because he is double).

Barrett[1] reports that cradles were decorated differently in accordance with the infant's sex. This agrees with Paviotso data, but was not confirmed by Bill for the Washo.

After four or five months, an infant was put into a bigger and stronger cradle (Dave).

NAMES

Children were not named until old enough to talk. A child's funny saying led to a corresponding name, retained in later life. Jack was thus called A'abi, which has no meaning. Boys and girls bore the same kind of name. This custom of name giving has been abandoned altogether.

EDUCATION

The Washo did not strike naughty children, but merely talked to them. A father would make a little bow and arrows for his son and teach him to shoot squirrels. Stories were told only at night, when a boy might ask an old man to tell him a story, the elder answering, "Lie down, I'll talk to you." At last the child would fall asleep.

ADOPTION

A barren woman sometimes adopted her cousin's child and kept it for good. If a woman died in childbirth, her mother took care of the infant. A man who took a fancy to a little boy sometimes desired to have him for a son and married the mother.

PUBERTY

The most important dance was the girls' puberty ceremony, t'ewe'we. It was the only one witnessed by Bill. He said it was still common in Carson Valley, but had been discontinued in Antelope Valley for lack of girls. T'ewe'we and

[1] *Op. cit.*, 21.

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In such cases the doctor's friends, recognizing his guilt, made no attempt to avenge his death. Sometimes when a shaman had poisoned several persons, four or five Washo would get together and say, "We have got to kill him, or you and I'll be poisoned." Dave dictated the following relevant sentences in Washo:

[539] The doctor is mad. He tries to poison us all, it seems to us. That's the way he used to do in the old days. A Washo doctor always tried to injure his own people in the old days.

Sometimes another shaman finds out about the poisoning, and then the victim's father may get one of his other sons to kill the sorcerer. "This is the old Washo way," said Dave.

Notwithstanding the benevolence Dave ascribed to a doctor (p. 318), he made it clear that the same man who cured by suction might at another time poison a man he hated. This was not like white people's poisoning. The sorcerer merely took a bath in the cool of the early morning on four successive days and talked to himself. When ready, he would get within possibly five hundred yards of his victim. Then he would rub some stuff into the palm of his hand till it became invisible. He also took some fine sand and stepped on it with his left foot. His victim would fall sick, and within two days the heart would be knocked out of him without any one's suspecting the cause, so that he would die. This happened about seventy years ago (Dave *loq.* 1926) to two white men who had refused to give a doctor bread. Some doctors used a different procedure, picking up dust and scattering it toward their enemy with their hands.

Shamanistic power was not confined to causing and curing disease, but also involved various forms of wonderworking. The method of luring antelope into a pound (p. 325) was conveyed in a dream, and so was ability to withstand bullets. About the latter Dave had heard his brother tell the following story:

[224] One Washo Indian dreamt about bullets and guns. He called together some of his relatives. "I want to show you my dreams. I've been dreaming four years now. I thought it left me, but still I am dreaming. I'll see whether I dream right or not." To the boys he said, "Sit down." He took five round bullets, dug a little hole in the ground, and made fine dust. He put the bullets into the hole. "Watch." The biggest boy was about thirteen or fourteen. "See if the bullets melt down." The dreamer took four smokes—of cigarettes of Indian tobacco. When he lit the last one, he said, "Look at the bullet, see what is going to happen." The bullets had all melted; they cooled down flat. He picked them up. "That's the way I dreamt. I dreamt right. I dreamt about bullets and powder."

He did the same way with powder. He got half a teaspoonful of powder and put it into the hole. He rolled tobacco in four pieces and smoked. After the last one, he told the others present to watch. "See what the powder will turn into; I dreamt it would be water." It melted down to water. "I dreamt right, I'll do something else after a while."

He loaded a gun and told an old man to shoot him. "I dare not; perhaps I'll kill you." "Try it; I dreamt I'd never get shot, the gun would never go off." He cocked the hammer and got it ready. "See if you can shoot me with the gun. I put my mind on it." The old man asked the dreamer's son, "Shall we kill your father?" "Well, try; maybe the bullets don't go to him. Maybe his dream is right; we'll find out." The man pointed the gun at the dreamer's heart. He tried to pull the trigger. "Pull as hard as you can." It stuck. "I can't make it go off." The dreamer said, "Let me try the gun." "The trigger does not work." He pointed it at a stick and discharged it. "That's the way I dreamt about this gun."

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Soon he did something else. He took a long, strong line and made one man hold either end and tighten it. He put a bullet on the string. "See if the bullet doesn't work the way I dreamt. If it doesn't go across the string, don't believe in my dreams. Now watch; it'll go quickly." He put it on the string; it went across as if on a level table, and came back again.

All his friends said, "It works as he dreamt; he dreamt right." He dreamt about three things—bullets, powder, and the gun. No one could make the gun go off except himself. He wanted to try another way. He put down a piece of iron. All looked at it. "Watch it; see if it moves by itself, without anyone's handling it." The iron was the length of a pencil and about two inches thick. "I am ready now." The iron stood up on one end by itself. They said, "You dreamt right."

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This happened about 45 years ago (Dave *loq.* 1926). The old man put everything he dreamt into his house. It burned up. Thereafter he had no more power and could not dream of anything any more. This dreamer was not a doctor. He was a homely old man.

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Strangely enough, neither Dave nor Bill had heard of any *arrow-proof* Washo, but Bill told such a tale about a "Paiute" from Schurz, Nevada, which happened before any whites were there. This Paiute said, "Nobody can kill me by shooting, I am tough." He had something hard and circular all about his body, but no one knew what it was. People would shoot at him, but their arrows merely glanced off. The shaman would sit down and sing, "Some of you think I am not tough, but I am pretty tough." Among the spectators were some Washo, who also tried to shoot the man, but failed. One of them said, "Don't talk so loud; he has something hidden there; I have seen it." He told his brother, "If you want to shoot him, aim straight in the middle." Then the speaker's brother did so, and his arrow entered the body of the shaman, who vainly tried to pull it out, shook and sang, but died on the spot. All the Paiute were angry, and a brother of the slain shaman killed one Washo; the rest ran away.

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Dave mentioned a wonderworker whose power explicitly did not come from dreams but was evidently reckoned equivalent. During a fight with the poorly clad Digger Indians, the Washo asked, "Have any of you a dream of a cold north wind?" One of them answered, "I have no dream, but I'll try to make one. I'll shout and smoke tobacco to make it come." He got on a big rock, and shouted three times, "Come, wind, we want the coldest night, we are fighting the Digger Indians and want to destroy them." Soon the wind came with dust. "Look at the wind coming," said the Indians. There was a big fire under the rock. Soon the Digger Indians followed a track, and two or three went into a badger hole to get warm. They died there. The water froze into ice an inch thick. All the enemy froze to death.

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Rupert, the sophisticated young Washo referred to on page 304, was a mystic credited with shamanistic ambitions (in 1926). He spoke of one Monkey Peter, whom I was unable to meet as a "philosopher." Rupert said he had seen a man with "mental power" step on fire without being hurt; and he had heard of a woman who had walked up the perpendicular side of a cliff.

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THE SOUL—SPOOKS

775 The souls of the dead go south (Jack, Dave). But according to some Washo
[787] they remain near the living and listen to them. Some people dream of the dead,
who appear as in life. Such a dreamer would report, "I saw So-and-so in a
dream and talked with him." Whirlwinds are identified with the dead coming
[821] by; all the dead travel. When a person goes to sleep by himself and hears some
noise striking the house, it is the ghost of a dead man; it makes a crack in the
house and looks at the inmate. This was the belief of an old man, shared by
some Washo and rejected by others. Dave, who quoted it, commented as fol-
lows: "He tells right, by God. I think he's right a little bit: dead people don't
go anywhere, they stay right here. . . . If there were any people alive in
Heaven, maybe they'd make a rope and come down, but no one does that."
[551] A dead person's name should not be uttered. Whoever broke this rule was
rebuked as follows: "He is dead, he is gone, don't call him!"

787 Some Indians see ghosts at night, that is, they see a good dress without a face and
775 are frightened. Once, of a night, Jack's son, when about two miles from Reno, thought
he heard some Paviotso singing and dancing. He saw women sitting on the ground, and
539 asked why they were not joining in the dance. They did not answer. Then he inquired
for the owner of a horse standing there. Still there was no answer. Then he struck a
match, and the women were gone. He went up to pet the horse, and it was no longer there.
Then he got frightened and quickly went to an Indian house.

Once, in the old days, a Washo saw a strange figure hanging on the limb of a big tree
struck by lightning. The apparition was this to the bone, curly-haired, with big eyes
[763] and black face, wings, and legs with little feet, but no arms. The Indian went home.
That night he began to tremble; after another day and a half he died. Then the other
Indians were all afraid and did not want to look at that thing any more.

776 A species of evil water-beings was called metauy'e'. The Washo were afraid
to meet them. Once, when walking in the sand around Lake Tahoe, Dave saw
the tracks of one. These beings would travel about a little, always along the
shore, at night, then go back into the Lake again. They made the sound of
babies at night; the Indians would hear them. They live in a house under the
water, possibly twenty feet below the surface. Men and women both live there.
They do not like Indians; the Washo avoid them and never dream of them.
A Washo would be terrified, paralyzed "a little bit," bleed from the nose, and
fall sick if he saw one of these beings. Judging from their tracks, their feet
are only the length of a little baby's.

776 Once, a Washo was fishing in the Lake with a line and reel, when the line got caught
539 at the bottom. He thought it was a snake, but it was a metauy'e' pulling the line down.
He was pretty strong. After a while he let go, and the line got slack. There was a tuft
of hair on the point of the hook. The Indian was paralyzed and fell down unconscious
in his boat for possibly an hour. There was no wind. At last he woke up terrified and
made for home. He cut off the hook and line with the hair, and threw them back into the
water. He told his wife and children about his experience. For a week after that the
fish would not bite. All the Washo were afraid. About half a mile from shore there is a
spring; that is where these water-beings probably come from. Their hair reaches down to
the knee.

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Once, an old Indian was walking along a trail by himself when he saw two persons coming toward him—a woman with a basket, and an old man with bow and arrow and carrying a blanket on his back. The Washo sat down under a piñon tree and was wondering who they were. He thought they would reach him soon, but they did not arrive at all. "It was the Devil." Soon the old man got paralyzed. After a while he rose and went on. He said to himself, "Well, I think those are not people. I am going [to die] soon, he has taken my life away. That is the kind my father used to tell me about, and now I have seen it. I don't know whether these are dead people or what." The old man bled from the nose. He said, "Don't take my life away, leave me alone. I do not want to be like you. I want to live as long as I can." Soon he went to a spring, bathed, and recovered.

Sometimes [Dave has heard] Washo Indians would see tracks in the snow showing feet as long as a man's entire arm. They would get frightened and would not follow the tracks.

Once, Dave was staying alone in a house at Tahoe City on Lake Tahoe. He was dreaming about something and felt a heavy weight, like a hundred pounds, on him. He tried to remove his blanket, and finally he succeeded in getting into the open. Another Indian and his wife had a similar experience in the same house. Dave thinks it might be caused by the ghosts of white people who used to live there. He could not see anything, he merely had the sensation of being held down.

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Somewhere two Indians were sleeping in a room in some old house. It was a cold night. Soon they heard a knock at the door. They were awake, opened the door, but no one was to be seen. They went out and around the house, but saw nothing. Possibly dead people were doing it. Soon there was a noise inside of somebody walking around. They could not see anything. They warned other people against ever sleeping inside that house.

Two Indians were going up a mountain with bows and arrows to shoot woodchuck. They met half a dozen dead people who looked as though alive and were hunting with bow and arrow. They were cooking squirrels and other food, sat around their fire at noon, and, because they were dead, would not answer the Indians' questions. They just ate the squirrels, but drank no water. When the Indians spoke, no one of the other group answered or looked at them. One of the Indians, who was old, said, "You dare not come over and talk to us; we belong on the mountains." Still there was no answer. The speaker returned to his companion and said, "Well, we can't do anything with them. They just eat the squirrels they kill." Both hunters were alarmed and quickly went away. It was dark on their return and they lost their way, not finding the trail at first. When they got home the next day, they said nothing.

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The Washo were too close to the Paviotso to escape contact with Wovoka's gospel, but reacted with individual differences to it. Jack, for example, was skeptical and contrasted the alien conception unfavorably with the old Washo belief that souls go south to join the Father of the Indians. The Paviotso say that after a while the souls return. "They dance and the souls come back." A recent (1926) Washo doctor, in the manner of Wovoka, alleged to have visited the dead, reporting he had seen plenty of Indians in the land of spirits, with green grass everywhere, also fire (?). The dead would say to him, "Well, what have you come here for? You have not died; go back. When a man or woman dies, he stays here. Do not come back any more." Jack has no faith in this; old-time doctors never reported visits to the dead. According to one informant, Wovoka prophesied a big storm but it did not come true, and his own Walker River people were going to kill him as a false prophet, so he stopped.

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The corral (ma'dap) is about an acre in size, with a chute leading to the entrance. Sagebrush is piled so high that the antelope cannot jump out. The men go to drive the antelope in. The chief stands just back of the corral, smoking his pipe. He says, "I'll stay home behind the corral. If I dreamt right, you'll drive them in and we'll kill them. If they get scared at you fellows, we can't help it; but I think we'll kill them easily in the corral." When the antelope are near, he says to the beasts, "Don't get scared, come on easily now, don't get discouraged, listen to my words. We are making a home for you, you have come a great way." The antelope stop and look toward him. They are not afraid at all, but keep quiet, like sheep driven into a pen. Instead of scattering, they come into the sagebrush pen. He says to the people, "When I tell you, then is the time to shout." When all are in the pen, the people close up, and the chief bids them commence killing. They use their bows and arrows, and some hit the game over the head with clubs. The chief says, "My people, look at them, kill the biggest in the whole herd, I'll have that one." They kill it and give it to the chief. Of the rest, three or four men will share one animal. They like it, cut up the meat, cook and eat it right there. First the chief says, "I dreamt antelope for you, I got the best one, I am satisfied." Nobody eats while he is speaking. Then they divide the spoils, pack the game home, and have plenty that night. The corral is left standing.

Dave gave the following texts of speeches delivered by the Antelope chief to the game and hunters respectively:

(a)

kalo'kaow ai'yus, kahamo'moyam, kepi''cuk, kapa''cuk ma'yala. kalo'kaow'as, ma'yal keka'la, latamala''wa . . . kula'kta."

(Do not get scared, antelope, come easily, creep up, come right into your home. Don't be afraid. We made your home, listen to me . . . don't get scared of anybody.)

(b)

wa'diy kaya'tuka'ya, kaya'tuk temoomi i'ka li'yal. wi'kin k''doe kime''kayaktok i'ka ka'an, t'aiyaya ga'mayuna. mi''le ka''wa tem|'ku. gaya'ya a''al. hak tikumso''cis i'ka mikla a''uniya. kiki''kat a'yam k'vicka tiya'mle. i'ka layo.leyu'a naka' akaa.ita'a helliki ka'le vadiy'a''iya. i'ka mi''ya, i'ka la'aic kutina'ya hat'a''eya untamala'a-helliki la'ale.

(Now begin killing, kill the biggest buck, that give to me. That's all I tell you. Kill for yourselves, that have for your own meat. Guts, however, do not throw away, eat everything. Wash off the guts. Thus I dreamt, that I have told you all. This good thing that way I tell you. There is no one else who could tell you about this today. This is good for you. If I were dead, from no one else here you would be able to hear this, I think, if I were dead.)

* This last word is spoken when all the antelope get into the pen.

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VI. MYTHS AND TALES

1. WOLF AND COYOTE—ORIGIN OF DEATH—CREATION

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[Dave.] Wolf and Coyote were talking to each other. They were brothers. Wolf spoke first. He said, "Now, my brother, what shall we do when these Washo get old? I think I am the head of all kinds of wolf and other animals. I should like to save the Washo when they get old. Now, what do you think of that, my brother?" Coyote answered, "Well, you are the head of everything; you can do anything you have a mind to; I listen to you." Wolf said, "I think we'll save the old people; we'll dig a well for the Indians on top of De.oku'lum (Job's Peak). We'll dig so deep as we can. Whenever a Washo gets old and ready to die, he'll go up to the top of the mountain and take a bath in that water and he'll begin to be young again." Coyote said, "Oh, no! I like to see dead people. I can't do anything to kill animals, I'll go hungry if Indian bodies grow young again. Don't say that, my brother, for I eat anything dead that smells rotten. It's the only thing I live on, you know." Wolf said, "That is so; you are right. When Indian people get old, let them die. That's all. You and I, we travel well, so we can get jack rabbits, squirrels, and all animals of that kind. We can catch them faster than anyone else." Coyote answered, "Oh, yes, we don't do it regularly, only sometimes: dead people are the best thing [to feed on]."

One day Coyote wanted to make people. It was this way for miles, near Hot Springs. There he tried to make a dance. He made it up himself. He got to work and cut off brush, making room enough for five hundred Indians to dance. But there were no Indians yet. Coyote said to his wife, "Make a big round basketry water bottle." She made it. Coyote looked at it, holding it up, and said, "This is pretty well made, so that no water can go through it. I'll go to work and make plenty of Indians." He took the basket and filled it half full of seeds. Then he stopped up the opening. He took a pipe, filled it with Indian tobacco, took one whiff of smoke, and blew it into the basket. Then he sat down and talked for a while. "Anything I expect to make I never fail in. Whatever I think always goes right with me." He again took a whiff of smoke. The basket was full of something. Coyote picked it up and four times danced round in a circle with it. The last time he shook it. Once in a while he listened to the basket, and so did his wife. Soon it sounded like the buzzing of a bee. Coyote listened. "Pretty soon there will be people," he said to his wife. He shook it hard and danced. Now lots of people were heard talking and making a noise. He put the basket down. Already there were plenty of people inside, that is why the basket began to move by itself. He poured the people out, saying, "There shall be a fire there and there and there. . . . Well, I have made plenty of Indians, I don't know what they will eat. They'll have a dance here in six days. We ought to get something for them to eat, we have no food."

From a creek he called up Bullhead (a small fish). "Come up, I want to talk with you." Bullhead came up. "There are plenty of people here, going to stop for a few days. I wish you to go over to Walker Lake and get plenty of suckers and trout." Bullhead started as early as possible.[a] He walked all day and got to a "Paiute" fish weir.

Bullhead was a man, but he made himself into a little child. Many Paiute were camped around the river near the fish weir, living on trout. One Paiute walked out some distance from camp to get sagebrush wood, and saw what seemed to be a lost child. "I wonder whose child that is." He said to the people, "Look; whose child is that sitting down under the sagebrush? He looks terribly hungry." One woman walked up that way. She tried to pick up Bullhead. "Oh, somebody has lost a baby. Whose is it?" He was heavy, she could not lift him. After a while she said, "This is no child, this is a person who has come a great way." She asked him, "Where do you come from?" "Oh, I came a long way, I am pretty hungry, I haven't eaten for a day and a half." The old woman said, "I'll take

[a] This statement seems misplaced in the argument. [b] "At four o'clock" (*sic*).

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539 you to my camp, we have lots of fish. We have all we want and may give you some." She took him with her, he walking behind. He said, "Take me to your chief, to the best camp."

The old chief had a big fish.[a] He took out the guts, and said, "We have lots of fish, we'll cook this for you." "I like what you say." The old man roasted it in the ashes, took it out as soon as it was cooked, opened it, and put it before Bullhead. He also offered him pine-nut mush. Bullhead ate one or two pieces of fish and took one or two drinks of soup. "Who sent you here?" asked the chief. "Coyote, my friend, sent me here. Yesterday morning I started early. Tell me where the biggest fish is caught every day, I want to take it home with me." "Oh, every one of the baskets catches four, five, ten a day; in the morning I'll give you all you can carry." In the morning Bullhead said, "I go with the fish. There are lots of Washo there having a dance. Coyote, my friend, sent me here to get fish." He gave him four or five big ones, cut them up, and dried them. He packed them up in a big bundle and set out early in the morning. Coyote had said to him, "Don't sleep there long, come back the day after tomorrow." Bullhead walked all day; he got to the top of a mountain, and made a big fire there.

Coyote had been watching for it; he was hungry. He saw the smoke. "Oh, there my brother is coming." He trotted thither. "He may have a big load, I've got to meet him."[b] He met Bullhead. Coyote was very hungry himself. Bullhead had put down his load and was sitting in the shade of a tree. "I told you I thought you might get plenty of fish, that is why I sent you. Open up your bundle, I am hungry, I want to eat them here." Bullhead opened the pack and gave him one. Coyote went a little way[c] from Bullhead. "Throw that fish at me, I'll catch it with my hand," said Coyote. But he didn't use his hand at all. He opened his mouth and swallowed it. He wanted another one forthwith. "They are fine fish; I am pretty badly starved." "Oh, you don't want to eat them all; you wanted to give the Indians some for the dance, you said." "Those Indians aren't hungry, they're having big fun, playing all kinds of games—basket game, football, the stick game. Give me one more." Coyote wanted them all. Bullhead didn't want to give him any more. "You don't want them all, I'll take them to the Washo dancing over there." Coyote said, "If you don't give me any more, I'll eat them all and you, too."[d]

2. WOLF AND COYOTE, HIS BUNGLING IMITATOR

[Jack.] Wolf was living in a house with his younger brother Coyote. They would go fishing together, catch plenty of suckers, and cook them. The next time they went to the river, Wolf caught plenty of cottontails.[e] Coyote said, "How do you catch so many cottontails? I never catch any." "Can't you catch them? You make a big fire with buckbrush, stand in it, and all the cottontails come together there and you catch them." He was fooling his brother. Coyote went and made a little fire; he went in there and caught a few. He came back and said, "Soon I'll make a big fire and maybe I'll catch plenty of them to take home." He made a big fire of buckbrush and sagebrush. He stood up in the middle. Nothing came in. He went round, but could catch nothing. He himself got burnt up. When Coyote had not come home by next morning, Wolf looked for him. He stepped over him, then Coyote stood up alive again.

Again they went fishing. Coyote asked, "How do you get plenty of fish? I never catch any." "You don't know how to catch fish. I cut two willows, tie them together and put them in deep water, the fish get stuck, then I cook and eat." "Tomorrow I'll do that." He went early in the morning. "Here the water is pretty deep, I'll try it." He went there, jumped in, and caught ten or fifteen fish. He ate. "I'll do that again and take them home."

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[a] "It weighed about twenty-five pounds."

[b] Here the informant laughed.

[c] "About ten feet."

[d] Final comment: "He got no sense at all, that damned Coyote."

[e] This sentence was not quite clear as expressed by my informant.

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He went in again, but caught nothing. He was drowned. The next morning, Wolf went looking for him and took him out. He stepped over him, then he got up alive again.

The next time they went to the river, "How do you catch ducks? You always bring plenty home," said Coyote. "Don't you know? When plenty of ducks are flying upstream, I hit and break my leg above the knee, they all fall down dead, and I pick them up and eat them." "I'll try it." He went. A small flock came. He struck and broke his leg. The ducks fell down, he picked them up. "By and by I'll get plenty and eat." The next time a big flock came. He broke his leg again. The ducks did not fall down at all, but flew away. He couldn't get up. The next morning Wolf was looking for him. He stepped over him, and then Coyote got up again.

3. ORIGIN OF THE INDIANS

[Jack.] There was a big camp of old women, and they were playing the hand game indoors. One woman was sitting outside, making a basket. She warned the women that Wə'nuhu was coming; he would make people blind.[a] The players would not listen to her. She hid, putting a basket over her head. Wə'nuhu came along, saying, "Wə'nuhu, Wə'nuhu." He stuck his head in at the door and whispered, "Wi'gi tupu' [eyes white]." The women all looked outside, then their eyes all turned white and blind, and all died. Wə'nuhu then went away.

A little girl had been sleeping in the rear of the house. When all the women were dead, she began to cry. The basketmaker talked to her. "You come out here. I told them Wə'nuhu was coming, they didn't believe it and kept on gambling, now they are all dead." The old woman went into the house backward, for she did not want to look at the dead women. She took the little girl by the hand and led her out. She carried a little basket with her.

They went to the other side of Double Spring. There she dug up roots, then sat down and made a fire. There was a big rock there that looked like a house. A tall man was living there alone. He went to Double Spring. The girl said, "There's some Indian coming this way." "No, there are no Indians here, it is some bad person. You watch him! I'll dig up wild roots." Hanawi'wi came; he was tall and red-haired. "Where do you come from?" The woman answered, "Oh, over there lots of Indians are playing games of all kinds." "I have never heard of that." "Lots of them are playing there. This little girl was always bothering her mother, crying." He said, "I'll go over to watch them play, then I'll eat them." He got up to the top of the hill. "I think she is deceiving me." He looked back and saw her. He went back on the Indian trail, saying, "She has deceived me."[b]

The old woman said to the girl, "Watch him; when he comes, we'll go inside the earth." She pulled up sage and went down with the girl, holding the sage root. Hanawi'wi returned, saying, "They must have gone away." He looked everywhere, but could not see any tracks. "She must have gone into the ground." He pulled up bushes, but two were too strong for him because the woman was holding them down from below. "I think they are holding them from below." The woman said to the sun, "Sun, go down quickly, some man wants to catch and eat me." The sun went down. Hanawi'wi said, "They are holding on, I'll come back tomorrow morning and eat them." In the night he went to the big rock house.[c]

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[a] It is not clear whether he is pictured as blind himself. Another statement makes him so.

[b] This part is somewhat obscure in detail.

[c] This episode was told by another informant as a separate tale, as follows: Two women were coming from south of Double Spring and told about a man who was eating Washo people. They lied to him: "Oh, we were not going away; those Indians have a big time, playing all games—*football*, wrestling, hand game, basket game, arrow game." The cannibal began to run, saying, "I'll look at the games." He sang, "Hanawi'wi," while going. The two women pulled up some sagebrush and went into the ground. Then this Hanawi'wi ran round the site but could not see any big time; he had been fooled. He thought he heard someone shooting and ran in that direction. Then the women sang in another place.

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At night the woman and the girl came out. They got some willows such as are used for basketry and sat down on them. The willows traveled with them up a mountain the other side of Double Spring. No tracks could be seen. The woman dug roots again. She said to the girl, "Sit down there and watch, to see if someone is coming." The girl sat down and looked. "Some Indian is coming there." "It's not an Indian, it's some bad person; maybe he's coming here." She took some dried willow, they sat down and traveled on it 'way up to a high mountain. She came to a big rock and they went under it, hiding it from below. When Hanawi'wi came, she said, "Sun, go down quickly." The sun set, and Hanawi'wi said, "Tomorrow I'll come and catch them." They came out in the night and on a willow traveled to a mountain near Wellington. Willow camped there and was eating willows. He said to the woman, "I think you don't like that kind of food." She did not eat of it, but they slept there, then walked down to Mason Valley, near Walker Lake.

Two men were living there, Wolf and Coyote; they went fishing every day. The woman and the girl went up to the top of the house. Wolf said to Coyote, "Take dry willows from near the river, make a big fire, we'll cook and I'll pack them." Wolf packed the fish, going ahead. Coyote looked toward the house. "I think he is fooling me, there are Indians up on the house." Wolf got home and told the woman, "Get down, go inside; I have a bad boy, who is coming soon." He hid the woman under a blanket. Coyote, coming up, said, "I think that looked like an Indian there on top of the house." "No, there is nobody here, that was a big black bird." Coyote made fire and cooked food. Wolf secretly fed the woman. Coyote asked, "Why are you eating all the time? You are fooling me, there are Indians here." Wolf said to the woman, "Come down to the fire, get warm and eat fish." She sat down. Then Wolf and she went to bed. Coyote said, "Well, my older brother, can't you give me that girl to sleep with?" "No, she's too small." "You'd better give her to me, I'll sleep with her." "No, she's too small." Coyote kept on talking to him. At last Wolf said, "Well, sleep with her; I suppose you'll eat her up." The girl went to Coyote, who ate her up, all except her head, which he left on the bed. In the morning they got up. "That's what I told you, you'd eat the girl." Wolf picked up the head and hit Coyote with it. Coyote was angry.

The old woman cried for two nights. She went up to the top of the house when Wolf and Coyote went fishing again, then she went away to this side of Walker Lake by the mountain there. She found a good Indian there in a big house, with plenty of pine nuts, acorns, roots, and dried deermeat. The man was constantly picking out ashes and putting them by the door. She put one foot within the circle of ashes, then stepped back and lay down outside at the back of the house. The man came and entered the house at night, made a fire and boiled deermeat in a basket. He put it down by the bed. Without seeing the woman, he talked to her. "There is no Indian here, there's some Indian track here: if you come down here, you'll see me." The woman came inside. He sat down and gave her deermeat. There were no Indians here, this is the one who made Indians. They ate and slept together. In two or three days a child was born. Every night they begot children, so that in a month there were many boys and girls. The boys played with bows and arrows and fought each other. Their parents were angry. "Don't fight with arrows." They fought one another nevertheless. He got up in the midst of them and said, "If you want to fight, go and fight." With his foot he shoved one group aside, saying, "You are Washo, you live in the middle of this country." With his other foot he pushed aside another group, saying, "You are Paiute, you are too numerous." To a third group he said, "You are Digger Indians, live over there." Then he said, "I am going away." He and the woman went

He ran there. "Well, they have duped me, I have a notion to kill and eat them. I am surely going to catch and eat them." He got back to the summit and tried to track them, but could not find any tracks. "They must have gone into the ground." He pulled up the brush all around except where they had gone in, for there they were holding on at the other side. "Somebody is holding it." At sunset he stopped. "I'll wait till tomorrow." Early in the morning he went there again, but at night the women had come out and gone east. In the morning he pulled hard there and fell backward. He tracked them eastward. He could not find them.

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south." They walked a little way, then a little cloud appeared and they went up. They never came any more. The woman is the cloud, the man is thunder. He is the father of the Indians."

4. COYOTE AS DOCTOR

[†] Coyote set up as a doctor. He said to Porcupine, "I cure anybody. Tell every person you meet that I have just begun doctoring. I study about it every night. Let anyone who needs a doctor send for me, no matter how far away I may be. I'll go 'way uphill to make my house there till someone calls me." He packed up his belongings and went. Porcupine told Deer, who was living with her aunt Crow, neither of them being married. Deer said, "I get sick sometimes. If you find me sick, fetch the doctor; he's camped way out in the pine-nut hill place."

Every day, Coyote went out hunting cottontail and jack rabbits. One evening he ate jack rabbits that he had killed, then took off his clothes and lay down by the fire under the shade. He pretended to be so old as hardly to be able to do anything. He made dust fly all over his face. Crow came to him in the evening. He heard her coming. She asked, "What's the matter? Why are you in bed already? It is pretty early." He looked as if he were nearly gone. She continued, "You sometimes smoke for somebody?" "Who are you?" he asked. "I'm a stranger. I just heard there was a doctor up here, that is why I come. One girl is pretty sick, I couldn't get anyone to doctor her." "Oh, there is no doctor around here." "I think you are the one she means, you are the only old man up here." "Oh, once in a while I light tobacco for a smoke, that's why they say I am a doctor." "I wish you'd get up and put on moccasins so you and I could go to the sick person." "Oh yes, I am coughing, I have a bad cold, and am weak. However, I'll get up. Maybe she'll give me something to eat, I haven't anything. No matter how sick I am, I have to go. You go ahead, I think I can get ahead of you." Crow went ahead. After she had left, Coyote dressed up well, putting magpie tail feathers at the back of his head. "Well, maybe I'll get my belly full, I'll be back here tomorrow," he said to himself. "I have no moccasins, I'll go barefoot." He galloped along.

Crow arrived first. "The doctor is coming, he'll be here soon." He arrived with a mink hide full of tobacco and a big pipe. The girl was very sick. He said, "I got here, I want to smoke. I think I can cure her; if not, kill me here." He pulled out his hide. "I'll smoke twice. I'll soon tell you what's the matter." He had a globular rattle of deer hide with pebbles inside. He sang twice and smoked twice. "There's nothing the matter, she'll be well tomorrow. My mouth is not dry. That's the way I feel whenever a patient is getting well." The old woman offered him a buckskin. He refused it. "Give me a bundle of pine nuts. I won't take anything else, I have nothing at home." She agreed and cooked some, shaking them in a basket tray with embers. When they were cooked, Coyote said, "I don't need to doctor any more. She'll be up tomorrow and improve constantly. In two days from now she'll be happy and walk as well as ever."

He started home with the nuts. He took a handful and chewed them up with the shells. He kept on eating. "That's what I want. I don't know whether she'll get well or not, but I told them so I could get the pine nuts."

Soon after he had left, the girl died. Crow thought he had poisoned her. She called Skunk and Porcupine, both short-legged people. "Coyote has killed my niece. I'm a woman. Try to kill him. I gave him pine nuts, she died that night." Porcupine said, "He's always a fool, he killed the girl because that's his way. We'll sneak up and kill that Coyote."

Coyote heard the three of them talking. He sneaked home. Skunk and Porcupine set out, the latter with bows and arrows, wearing moccasins and putting bird feathers on their heads. Skunk said, "I don't need anything. I'll kill him with my filth. I'll stand by the door; you chase him toward me, and he'll be killed." Skunk took a rock in one

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† According to Jack, the dead go south to the Father of the Indians.

‡ For some of the preceding incidents, compare the Paviotso versions in R. H. Lowie, Shoshonean Tales, *JAFL* 37:300, 302, 304, 1924.

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• 537 hand. Porcupine came to the back door. Coyote was pretending to be like an old man again, barely able to get up. He was watching them. He had his blanket pulled up over his face, but so that he peeped out with one eye. Skunk stood there. Porcupine got his bow ready. When the string twanged, Coyote jumped. Porcupine missed him. He tried again and missed once more. "Who are you?" asked Coyote, "You can't kill me, you can't kill anything, Short-legs." Skunk was there, but Coyote jumped over him and ran away. "You short fellows can't kill anything," he said. Both cried; they had to go back without killing Coyote.

[Dave.] An old woman and her daughter were picking pine nuts and came to camp near here. Coyote said, "I am going to marry the young woman." He was very hungry and knew those women had lots of pine nuts. He met Bullhead [fish] and said to him, "Let us fool that old woman and her daughter. You go where the young woman urinates and jump into her, then we'll get plenty of pine nuts." Bullhead got under the rock and watched the young woman; when she urinated, he jumped into her. After a few days she felt something inside. "It is not food," she told her mother. "Have you met some man lately? Perhaps you are big with child." "It feels like that." She got sick. The old woman was scared and called someone to go for a doctor.

The messenger went to Coyote, who was living some distance away. "The old woman is sending me to you, you sometimes smoke and doctor." "Well, I am very sick, I can't move very well, but when someone calls I always go. I like to doctor, that's what I am for. How far is that camp?" He rose, put on moccasins, and got tobacco. "I have to go," he said, "I am nearly starved to death. I hear she's got plenty to eat. I'll go there quickly." They went off in a hurry. "Maybe she'll be dead before you get there." They ran fast.

When they arrived, the mother said, "I don't know why my daughter is sick. You doctor well, that's why I sent for you." "Yes, I'm not much of a doctor, I doctor people a little. But I'll see right away what's the matter with her." He knew there was something in her womb. "You needn't be afraid she'll die; perhaps a young man has possessed her and she is big with child." The old woman and her daughter had a big pile of pine nuts; she gave Coyote a little mush. He said, "This food is fine," and drank a big basketful. He wanted to go home. "When your daughter has a baby, let me know immediately, send someone for me and I'll come." She sent for him. "Let Coyote come and see whether the baby will live. I don't know who is his father." When Coyote got there, the baby had died. The old woman cried. Coyote said to himself, "I like to see the baby die; I want to get some of the nuts. I'll take both of them away from where the baby died." He did so. He said, "Don't look back at all toward your old house, I'll move the pine nuts for you." He looked; they were not watching, only crying. He stole half of the pine nuts and hid them in a big pit. "Well, I have moved all your things here, I'm going home." He walked homeward. Every night, he ate some of the pine nuts till he had eaten them up. He no longer cared about the old woman.

5. COYOTE AND CATFISH

[Hill.] Coyote talked my language. He had a camp. He went off somewhere on the river and got a fish trap. He caught lots of fish and dried them. He had plenty of fat. He said, "My fish are getting too fat." He picked up ashes and rubbed them all over. He went to his trap and looked at the long basket. It looked as if it were full of fish at the bottom, but when he pulled it out there was nothing but rotten wood there. He dropped it; he was very angry. He walked off to where he was drying fish, and found wood bugs on the fish. He had stored two bunches of pine nuts, one shelled, the other unshelled. He ran back to camp and was going to cook them. He made a fire. Picking up a mended basket, he said, "I am going to make three different kinds of soup." He tried to take out pine nuts from one cache, but found only rocks. He went to the second cache and asked, "Are you going to be the same thing?" Again he pulled out rocks. He got very angry, left camp,

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and ran off. He was not going to talk Washo any more, he was going to be a coyote. He lay about on the meadow as coyotes do and did not go back to camp any more. 539

In the east some Indians were cooking pine nuts. Coyote smelled the heat and said, "Somebody has stolen my pine nuts and put rocks in their place." He said he was going to war against the thieves. He called up every kind of wild game, birds, mice. He was going to train them for war. Then he called up the fish—minnows and others. That time this world was full of water. He went into the Paiute camp. He asked Catfish, who spoke Paiute, to catch a lot of Indians. Catfish looked for the chief. "Where's my friend the chief? Tell me." He made one step. He went to the next man and asked him the same thing, and the next man again, and a fourth. The last one said, "This man, your friend, is sitting right here."

Coyote went to his own camp. His wife was grinding nuts for soup. He said to her, "Grind fine, grind well. This man who is coming now is a smart fellow, don't make it coarse." She made soup and gave it to Coyote. He sat down outdoors with a handful of nuts, dropped them, and ate them. Everybody went to sleep. Coyote did not sleep at all, but stole some soup placed in the house and made them think a dog had taken it, saying "Ica, ica!" as if chasing a dog.

Catfish said to the Paiute chief, "Call up a man with good hair, tell him to put his hand on me." He did so, and the hand stuck to Catfish. He asked the next man to do the same. Catfish said, "I'll kill your wife, your friends, your relatives with different kinds of sickness, I'll kill any of you." A lot of people, all with good long hair, thus got stuck to Catfish. Then he went right toward the river. He said, "I am walking toward the river, I am going to urinate in it." He dived right in with all the people on him. Some of the other people thought they might save their relatives, catching them downstream. They were crying, "I'm losing my son!" They went to the bottom of the water. Catfish then pulled off their scalps, put them into a long basket, and brought them to where he wanted to have a big time. Coyote danced there. He sang as follows: "ke'we uhale'lek layhai' iya' iha'!" Wolf was with him and sang: "ha'li, ha'hi, hahi'!"[a]

6. COYOTE'S DAUGHTER AND CHICKENHAWK'S SON

[Jack.] Skunk had a camp. Coyote was living this side of Gardnerville with his wife and daughter. He said, "I'll go 'way down uphill from Genoa." Chickenhawk was living there with a son and a daughter. Coyote wanted his daughter to marry Chickenhawk's son, so he had her take pine-nut flour there in a basket. On the way, she had to pass Skunk's house. Skunk said, "Well, Coyote told you to come here." So she went to Skunk's house and stayed there for one night. Skunk begot a great many children, some of which he cooked in the ground. One he made alive and boiled him in a basket. Coyote asked, "Have you come back?" "Yes." Her mother took out the boiled baby. "Oh, it's no good. I didn't tell you to bring that. I don't eat it, throw it away." She threw it away.

The next day Coyote said, "Go 'way up there" (near the site of Genoa). She made pine-nut flour and set out again. Her father told her not to stop at Skunk's, but to go farther. She went near the site of Genoa, looked up, and saw Chickenhawk's son, who told his father, "Oh, that woman is coming, I see her." "Perhaps she likes you, go down and bring her up here." He went down and brought her up to their home. She stayed two nights, then gave birth to a big boy. Chickenhawk hunted deer every day and gave dried meat to the girl. She carried it home in a basket. Coyote said, "That's what I want—deermeat." She stayed a few days, then returned to her husband. Coyote said, "When you cross the river, don't drink water while crossing, but dip it up in a cup and drink it on the other bank." She, however, drank water while crossing the river. Then a great many "fish-ducks" came. They took her and her baby 'way downstream toward Washo Lake. They fought one another over the possession of the girl.

Chickenhawk's son was out hunting in the mountains. He saw his wife being captured

[a] The words of these songs are said to be meaningless.

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●539 by the ducks. "It seems the woman is not coming here, she is being taken away. I want to go and see my wife, and bring her back. How shall I catch her?" he asked his father. "Oh, not today; go early tomorrow morning." The next morning there were plenty of ducks. Chickenhawk hit them with his wing and killed them all. He caught his wife and brought her up to Carson River. Then he let her go. He came back to his home. He did not want her any more.

She walked down toward the site of Carson City, crying. She walked along the trail to Sheridan. The Washo were always playing ball there. They left the ball lying in the middle. Coyote's daughter took the ball away and left her baby's head in its place. Then she walked off. In the morning the Indians wanted to play. They kicked the ball. It did not stop, but kept on going around. "That's no ball, that's the head of Chickenhawk's baby." They kicked it for a little, then a great wind began to blow. The Indians said, "Why is that ball going around? I hear the wind up in the mountains. Maybe that ball is no good." The wind came down and blew all the Indians away. Far off they fell down in a place the Washo call "*Weyó'*."

7. COYOTE AND THE GRIZZLIES

[Jack.] Two Grizzly sisters were living together. Coyote was camping by the Carson River. He looked uphill. The Grizzly women would go out every day to dig wild potatoes. One day Coyote came out of the house and yelled at them, "That plot does not belong to you, it belongs to me; don't eat up all the potatoes, leave them there." One of the sisters heard him. She growled and sat down. The other woman asked, "What's the matter with you? There are plenty of potatoes to be dug up." "Coyote has abused me. See him down there." Then both were angry, growled, and sat down. "Let us eat that Coyote." They ran toward his house.

Coyote went inside his house. He defecated and asked his excrements, "The Bears are coming after me, what shall I do?" "Lie down and pretend you are sick. When they get here, pretend you have been sick for a month."

When the Grizzlies got there, one of them sat down on the roof by the smoke hole. The other went in. Coyote was moaning, "I have been sick for a month." "You are not sick, you were sitting outside a little while ago, calling me names." "Oh, I have been sick for a month, I nearly died. It was not I: some Indian boys were passing outside, and they shouted at you." "There was no one here; it was you, and I am angry." She had a sharp rock and went for Coyote. He jumped to the other side of the house. Again she went for him and he jumped to the other side. She said to her sister, "Watch up there, maybe he'll go through there." "Oh, I'll watch." Again the Grizzly went for Coyote, who jumped out through the smoke hole. The other Grizzly only caught his tail, which was torn off. He ran off a way, then looked back. The Grizzly on the roof cried to her sister, "Come out, he looks pretty sick." However, Coyote ran on, looking back at the Bears. They went after him. He went across the Carson River toward Woodfords. He had made a little house there and had a bow and arrow there. He sat down inside. The Grizzlies pursued him to the little house. He made a hole in the wall and shot both of them, killing them. He skinned them and cut them all up. He made a fire. He failed to cut up the spleen [?]. It made a noise: "*toro' . . . ro'*." He looked up and said, "It's a goose flying." The spleen turned into a live bear and ran away. Coyote took his bow and arrows and shot at it, but missed it. He pursued it for a while, then let it go. "You'd better go to the mountains," he said, "and bite some new [?] Indians when they hunt you." That is why Indians are afraid of grizzlies.

Coyote dried the bearskins, also the meat, and packed it. He went toward this side of Gardnerville. An old man approached, named K*ó*mbi. He was carrying a big rock. He would put Indians down in a pit[a] and say, "I'll hit you with this rock, then you'll feel better." He asked Coyote, "Are you sick? I'll hit you with the rock, then you'll feel bet-

[a] His exact procedure remains obscure.

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ter and we'll eat that bear meat." K'ubi put Coyote into the pit and took up his big rock. He wanted to kill him, but Coyote jumped out. He did not touch him. K'ubi said, "Pretty soon you'll feel better." Coyote said, "I was not very sick, I am better. Let me try it with you for once." "No, I am not sick; if you are sick, I cure you that way." "I'll try once, maybe you'll get better." K'ubi went into the hole. Coyote's foot was like a dog's. He said, "I can't pick up the rock with my foot." The old man lost his suspicion then. Coyote quickly picked up the rock and broke him into pieces. He then packed the bearmeat, went to Carson Valley, and stopped at the site of Carson City.

[Bill.] Seven or eight miles toward Coleville from the mouth of the canyon in the Carson Valley, Coyote had a camp by himself. Grizzly also had a camp. Coyote owned a place for getting wild potatoes, and Grizzly dug up some of them. Coyote abused her. Grizzly heard it and began to growl. She had a sister and said to her, "Let us go and see that fellow." They started. Coyote went inside his house. (He is smart, you know.) He lay down like a sick man, moaning. The Grizzlies went in. "You are the man who called us names." "No, it must have been the man who went past making fun of me; I didn't say anything to you."

The older sister went in, the other went to the top of the house. The younger said, "Don't talk to him. He called us bad names, catch and kill him!" Coyote got scared. The older sister thought she'd seize him, and jumped across the fire. He ran off under her arms and jumped up to the smoke hole. She ran out, thinking her sister would catch him. The younger said, "I nearly caught him, I nearly killed him. There he is, running away."

Coyote ran westward. Both sisters ran after him. He made a hiding place for himself, then when they came near he shot and killed them both. He began to skin them, took the hides and cut them up fine, but he did not cut up the spleen [?]. He cut up the brush all around and cut up the flesh fine. The spleen dropped under the brush, and the grizzlies came back to life again. Coyote said, "What is it shouting there?" He listened carefully. It sounded louder and louder. He stepped on the spleen. Nevertheless it moved around a little; he could not kill it. He said, "I am killing you, I do thus"; and again he stepped on it. Then it became alive again and ran out as a bear. He tried to catch her but could not do it. "Oh, go ahead," he said; "go away, go south, go to the side of the hill; then catch those people and bite them."

He returned to where he had sliced the meat, and wrapped up both hides and the flesh, then went straight uphill and tried to stretch the hide on the ground. He removed the brush all around. Far around in a circle there was no brush, no tree, where he was stretching the hide. (I have seen it myself.) He came down from there. The hides were dried. He cooked the meat and went down toward the site of Sheridan. He met a long-billed, long-legged bird, who was furious, hit a rock, smashed it, and scattered all the pieces. There he passed. He met another fellow singing. Coyote said, "I have some meat to eat, let us take a bite." The other, K'al'ee, said, "I don't want to eat now, let us eat after we have punched each other." He wanted to kill Coyote and told him to lie down first to be punched. Coyote wanted *him* to lie down first. At last Coyote lay down crosswise on top of some rocks. K'al'ee and he were watching each other. K'al'ee had a rock to kill people with. As he moved it, Coyote, who was watching, picked up a rock and jumped up. "Come, lie down again." Coyote would not do it. "No, you go ahead, lie there, I'll try you, then you can try me again." So his enemy lay down on the rock with his wings." Coyote asked, "How do you hold this? I can't hold this rock." He could not pick it up with his claws. K'al'ee was watching, but as soon as he shifted his eyes from Coyote, Coyote smashed and killed him. Then he walked away toward the site of Genoa and Hot Springs.

Coyote met another fellow, La"lak, who came along singing and carrying fish in his basket. La"lak gave Coyote a little one. Coyote swallowed it and said, "Do you think

" This suggests that the angry bird mentioned above is probably identical with Coyote's antagonist.

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● 539 this will fill me up?" "Well, try it." He threw it into Coyote's mouth, and it filled him. Coyote began puffing. He was mad and tried to smash the basket. It had hooks in it, which caught Coyote. "Stop the hooks—quick!" "How shall I stop them?" He went away. He saw people hunting rabbits below the site of Gardnerville. He came in at the site of Minden. He got to the hunters' camp. They were women and had roasted plenty of rabbits. They all took out the roasted rabbits and ate them between their legs, bone and all." Coyote caught one woman to sleep with at night. He got a rock, pushed it in, and broke off all her teeth. He slept with her that night and made her conceive. The next morning she gave birth to a baby. He ran away northward. He had put red paint all over himself. Somebody far off saw him and said, "I see somebody with red paint on running toward us away from there. I don't know who he is. After a while we shall see."[a]

8. THE ANIMALS' JOURNEY

[Dave.] Birds, frogs, rabbits, and Coyote—every bird in this [Carson] valley and northward were talking together. One said, "Everything living today, why should we not get together for a dance two months from now and see another country?" Another said, "I'd like to go somewhere, we don't want to stay here all our lifetime. I have a father and a grandfather." In the fall they all gathered and went to another country, where they found other birds and animals, who did not like the visitors. They looked at the mountains and valley there and what was growing in it. One day the natives met some of their visitors and asked, "What have you come here for? You are too many, you are eating up all we have. If you stay any longer we'll fight you." They told their headmen, "They say we are eating up their food." He did not care; he said, "We'll fight with them any time they are ready."

They began to fight. The natives defeated the visitors and killed half of them. Many lost a brother, sister, or father. They were very sad about it, some were scared and couldn't get back quick enough, some died on the road. Coyote, as the fastest runner, got home first. Wolf was with him. Coyote said he'd feed on squirrels and game of that sort. They had nearly got caught. Coyote said, "We'll stay here a little longer. We don't care about those little chipmunks and the rest. We can do nothing against those big fellows like the bears."

It was in the springtime, there was lots of high water in the Truckee, and some couldn't cross it. Heron [?] was in the party. The fugitives came to the site of Reno. They had no boat to cross in. Heron came along with his long legs and made a noise. He said, "I thought you fellows had got home by this time." Badger escaped the enemy by always going into a hole. "It's foolish to go that way. Our friends are mostly killed. You can't get across, let's camp here." Badger said, "You have a long leg, maybe it'll reach across the river and we can use it for a bridge." "Well, I'll try." He lay down and his leg reached across. All of them went over on his leg. Old Frog-woman couldn't walk much and was afraid of crossing in this way; she had a cane sharpened at one end. "Oh, maybe I'll fall down." "Don't be afraid, get on and go across." She was the last one. When she got to the middle of the river, the bird moved his leg to tease the old woman. Frog said, "This is moving," and nearly cried. She stuck [prodded] Heron's leg with her cane. "Don't stick me hard like that, it hurts." She kept on doing it harder and harder. Heron got angry. He moved his leg to one side so that she fell into the water, drifting down. "Oh, my old relative is being drowned," cried someone. However, they saw her head sticking out, and finally she got to the other bank with the rest.

All went on from there to Carson Valley. They were so starved they could hardly walk. Frog was in the rear. Some people began to mock her, asking, "Why does she always

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[a] The *vagina dentata* motive, evidently.

[b] Bill commented thus on his tale: "I believe it sometime [i.e., in part]. You know, a grizzly when he stands up looks like people. I believe it hardly that women ate rabbits between their legs. But the old Indian said that was right [true]."

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stay behind?" "I'll show you what's wrong," she said. "You can't beat me." She made a few jumps and was miles ahead. Then she asked, "What's the matter with those boys? They are faster than I."

Coyote, who was carrying meat in his mouth, came to the river in the afternoon. He said to Wolf, "We can't get across, brother. You are a good jumper, jump." Wolf tried several times but failed. "Maybe I'll do it." Coyote went far back, came at a dead run, and seemed to fly across. He looked at Wolf, who tried to do the same but was afraid. At last he jumped but did not get clear across, falling a short distance from the bank. He was pretty heavy. Coyote was watching. The water was deep. Wolf couldn't get out, but drifted till Coyote seized him and pulled him out. When both were on land, they laughed, built a fire, and cooked. "Now let's go home quickly, we can get there before night." They ate, packed their food, and trotted homeward, side by side. Coyote beat his brother running. He looked around in every camp to see which members of the tribe had come home. Wolf cried, "Wu-o-o"; he could not find many of his friends, and mourned their loss.

9. COYOTE AND LIZARD

[Dave.] Coyote and Lizard were talking together. Lizard said, "Indians shall have five digits and be able to handle anything." Coyote said, "No, they shall have hands like a coyote's or dog's paw. They'll handle with their mouths." "No; do you suppose they can handle things with their feet? They must have five digits." "No; their hands must be like my feet." He got angry and said, "I'll catch and kill you." "All right, you'll kill me." Coyote jumped at him. There was a crack in a rock, Lizard went into it and Coyote couldn't catch him. "Somehow I'll kill you; I'll kill you easily." He went to make a fire in the crack. He made a sagebrush fire with thick smoke. Lizard thought the smoke would kill him. Coyote took a wing and fanned smoke into every crack. He thought he could kill Lizard, but Lizard stuck his head out away from the smoke. Soon the smoke went in, and Lizard made a sound, pretending to be burst, but was on the outside. Coyote was listening. "Now he is dead. I thought you couldn't die, but this smoke has killed you." Lizard came out on a hill. "Ah, you haven't killed me." He went back to the same hole. He made the same sound again. Then he jumped up once more, saying, "You haven't killed me."

[?] Coyote said, "I am going to be as tall as a pine-nut tree." Wolf said, "No, you shall not be so tall. People will make a willow pole tall enough for me to knock down the nuts." Coyote said, "You are wrong." But Wolf hit the nuts with a pole, he did not take Coyote's word.

Coyote said, "These people shall have the same kind of hand as myself." Lizard said, "Oh, these people are going to be like me." He showed his hand.

10. FROG AND COTTONTAIL

[Dave.] Frog was an old woman; she wanted to marry Cottontail because of his good looks and white tail. Cottontail wouldn't go near her. He said, "I wouldn't have a frog, she's too soft. I can go and run and feed myself very well." The cottontail lives around the mountains in rocks. Frog did not move away from the water and mud.

11. THE WEASEL BROTHERS

[?] There were two weasel brothers; the smaller one, Tama'lili, was a funny fellow; he wouldn't mind (just like a hoodlum). He said to Spider, "You can't catch me. I'm going to jump over this stump, you can't jump over it." Spider said, "I can run after anyone, I'll follow you around." The Weasel jumped. Spider, instead of jumping, ran under the stump and got pretty close to him. Weasel said, "Do you think you can run across the water? *I* can go on top of the water." He ran across. Spider also went quickly across and nearly caught up. Weasel was tired out and Spider killed him.

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Tama'hil'e older brother had sent him for something. When he did not come back, the older brother looked around, but found no track. He followed him all over, but could not find any. He asked Sun: "Have you seen my brother? I couldn't find him. Have you seen him? I have lost him. Tell me, you must see him." Sun said, "I haven't seen him, I don't know where he is." He asked again and again. At last Sun said, "I didn't want to tell directly. I think your brother has no sense. He was fooling with a bad boy. Something bad chased him, killed him, and dragged him into his house [hole]. I saw him a little while ago." Then the older Weasel went into the hole and made smoke. Spider got sick from it, he was suffocated. Weasel dragged his younger brother out and stepped over him. Then the little one got up alive again.

Both walked away. The older said, "You'll have to look out, you always fool with anybody, you must be careful. Don't do that any more. Go ahead, I think there are deer in that brush; scare them, we'll kill them." The younger went running and met Beaver. He walked toward him and shook his house. Beaver asked, "What is that?" He saw him. Weasel said, "My brother has sent me up here to get something to eat tonight; we are camping out there somewhere." "I have nothing to give you to eat." He asked two or three times. "I haven't got it, I tell you." Then Weasel got angry, broke up the beaver house, and ran away. Plenty of beavers came out and ran after him. They grabbed him and bit him to death, then dragged him into their house.

The older brother waited for a long time. He got tired and went hunting for him. He again asked Sun, who would not tell him at first. At last he said, "That man got him, killed him, dragged him into his house." The older Weasel went in and dragged out Tama'hil. He stepped over him. He got up. They walked off. He told him again, "You haven't any sense. I told you to be careful and not to fool when you meet somebody. I'm tired of you."

He sent him off again: "Go over to that tree where there are deer tracks. Go round that big brush, and drive deer to me, so we can kill them and have something to eat tonight." Young Weasel went into the thick brush, found a bear cub, caught him, and brought him to his brother. He rubbed the cub's back, and said "We have a nice puppy." He held him toward his body. "Let him go, Grizzly might come." After a while he let him go. The Weasels walked away.

He sent him off again. "Look at that tree. I'll stand under it, you come round, and if you scare up deer we'll kill them and camp here somewhere." He found no deer, only Woodchuck [?] making smoke against the other woodchucks and trying to kill them. He got two or three. Young Weasel came along and fooled Woodchuck, who had a long stick with which he was poking into the hole. Woodchuck was looking in, kneeling, when Weasel with a little stick struck him in the buttocks. Woodchuck thought he was being burnt. He again poked in his stick, and Weasel again did as before. "Who did that? It must be someone coming along to fool me." He tried again, looking between his legs, and caught sight of young Weasel, who laughed at him, saying, "Well, my brother has sent me to get a great big woodchuck to eat tonight. You have killed one, you have got it, my brother wants a big one." He refused; then Weasel seized it and fled. Two or three woodchucks ran after him, killed him, and dragged him into a hole.

Then the older Weasel looked everywhere for the younger. He could not find him and again asked Sun, "Have you seen my brother?" At first Sun would not tell him, but after being asked several times he said, "Your brother fooled Woodchuck, he tried to steal from him, then two or three of them ran after him, killed him, and dragged him into their hole." He went to the hole, made a smoke and killed Woodchuck, pulled out his brother and stepped over him. Then he came to life again.

Both of them walked away and went to a hillside. They saw a deer lying on the upper side of a tree. "Look out, that big deer is what we are looking for." The older brother sneaked up, saying, "Do you stay here, and don't move until I've shot him." The younger one would not obey, but kept sneaking alongside of his brother. "Stay here, don't move, don't follow me, I am going to sneak up and kill him. If you come alongside of me and shoot when I shoot, he won't die, he'll run away." Still the younger would not listen.

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The older Weasel shot, and so did his brother. Then the deer did not die, but ran down, far away. They followed and tracked him, but could not catch him."[a] 539

The younger Weasel saw a water baby and fooled him. The Water Baby said, "Look out, don't fool with me. If you do and kill me, the water will flow over you, following you down, and will drown you." But the Weasel killed him, scalped him—he had long hair—and brought the scalp to his brother. The older Weasel said, "Why, what are you doing! Don't you stop fooling? The water is going to drown us. Throw the hair back immediately!" The water followed the young Weasel and nearly overtook him, but when he threw the hair back the water receded.

[Jack.] Weasel (Powts'ûl) had a younger brother (Tomo'ûl); they were camping at the site of Woodfords. They went up to a high mountain near Sheridan. They went to the other side, to a big lake. The older Weasel said, "We'll go up there. You go to that tree, there are lots of deer tracks there, scare them; I'll stay here and kill them; then we'll eat." Young Weasel, however, went to Beaver. "Hello, my friend, you are playing here?" "Yes, I play here every day." "Let me play." "You don't know how to play," said Beaver; "we say 'k'omoya wa'lyely'd' when we play." "Let's play for a little while. You lie down like that, I'll hit you with my foot and say 'k'omoya wa'lyely'd.'" Beaver lay down. Weasel hit him pretty hard and broke his medicine.[b] Then he ran away. Beaver said, "Bad boy, you have broken it all up." He caught Weasel and stuffed the fragments into his nostrils and mouth, thus killing him.

The older Weasel came back, looked everywhere, and saw his brother. He stepped over him and thus revived him. "Let's go." They went 'way up. Then the older brother said, "You'd better go, I'll stay up here and kill lots of deer."

Ground Hog had a camp. The younger brother found him. Ground Hog had a big house, in which there was a big fire and smoke; he was killing ground hogs. Weasel said, "My older brother has walked off a little way, he told me my uncle was catching ground hogs and would give me a big one, then we should eat tonight." Ground Hog offered him a little one. Weasel refused it and got angry. He took a big one and ran away. Ground Hog called plenty of ground hogs to chase him; they caught him and hit him so that he died; then they took him inside. The older Weasel came looking for his brother. He asked Ground Hog, "Have you seen my brother? He went here." "No." "Yes, I have seen his tracks." "No." "Tell me, or I'll kill you." "Oh, he went to sleep inside my house." Weasel went inside and brought him out. He stepped over him and brought him to life again. The younger brother said, "It was pretty hot inside the house, my uncle made it warm." "He is not your uncle (ume'ue), he killed you."

Every day he got killed. The next day he went again up to the site of Tallac. There was a little fellow there with long hair, sleeping on a rock with his arms folded and his head resting on them; this was Metcuy'e'. Weasel took a sharp rock, saying, "He has pretty good hair, I think my brother will keep it." He jumped at Metcuy'e', who leaped down into the water. There they fought, going round and round. At last Weasel killed and scalped him. "This will be pretty good for my brother." He went to his brother. "I have found good hair for you." "It's no good, that water will catch us and we'll both die. It will come up high." They ran toward a high mountain. The younger brother pulled out a little hair from the scalp and threw it into the water, which receded a little but then came back again. "Throw it away, it's no good, the water will catch us wherever we go." It came near the top of the high mountain, covering everything there. Segubun was up there, lying down on the fire, which burnt his breast. Thus he saved fire for the Weasels. The water went down."

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[a] Subsequently the narrator said the Yellowjacket killed the deer and at once made away with the meat.

[b] Jack could not explain to me precisely what was hit and broken by Weasel.

[c] As appears from the context, as well as from another version, the water fell when the whole scalp was thrown back into it.

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● 534 [Jack.*] The Weasel brothers went up the mountains. They caught squirrels. It was pretty warm. They made fire in the shade and the older cooked the squirrels while the younger was sleeping. Then the older took them out and went to sleep. The younger then got up. Deep down below the fire Spider had his house. The younger Weasel raked the fire with a stick, bringing Spider out. The young Weasel laid the squirrels out to cool them off. His brother did not get up, he looked as if dead, for Spider had bitten him. Spider went after the younger brother, who ran off, Spider jumping after him. Weasel asked, "What is it that is pursuing me all the time?" He ran around and jumped up on a big rock. Spider jumped up, too. Again he ran and went up a tree; Spider also climbed up. He jumped into Lake Tahoe, running along the surface of the water. Spider came jumping across.

After a while the older brother got up and said, "Come here, younger brother, here are your squirrels cooked, perhaps they are not hot any more. Let us eat and then go." He did not see him. In the meantime Spider had caught the younger Weasel and bitten him to death. He took him back below the fireplace. The older Weasel asked, "Where is my brother?" He went around, looking for the tracks, but couldn't find them. He went to a big obsidian [?] rock. From its middle he flew up to Sun's camp. He asked, "Have you seen my brother? I have lost him." "No, I haven't seen him, I was sleeping." Again he asked, "Have you seen him?" "No, I wasn't looking today, my eyes are no good, I can't see. Perhaps your uncle (Moon) has seen him. I was sleeping all day." Sun did not want to tell him, he was angry.**

Weasel went to the moon and stayed there all night. In the middle of the moon there were dry frogs [?]. Weasel said, "I don't like frogs, those are not fish." "Oh, they are good," said Moon; "I always eat them, I don't like fish. Always throw away fish from the weir basket and pick out the frogs. Early tomorrow morning you may go to the creek, maybe you'll catch fish in the basket; bring them here and eat." He went to the creek next morning. The basket was pretty full, frogs were numerous, there were some fish. He picked them out.

Weasel asked Moon, "Have you seen my younger brother? I lost him yesterday." "In the day or the night?" "Yesterday at noon. Have you seen him?" "No, yesterday I slept all day. At night I look around and see everything, in the daytime I am blind. Perhaps your uncle (Sun) has seen him. Take my two dogs." They were porcupines. Weasel went to a big rock in the morning and, standing with his back toward it, kicked it with his heel. Two porcupines came out. He took one under each arm and went to Sun's house, putting the porcupines on the roof. The porcupines spread their quills. Weasel entered. "Why don't you tell me about my brother?" he asked. "My uncle thinks you've seen him. You didn't tell me, my dogs will sting you." Sun was afraid and said, "I'll tell you." He told him."

The older Weasel went down into the ground to Spider's house with a pipe. Moon had instructed him not to let Spider smoke first. Spider said, "Give me the pipe to smoke first." Weasel would not do it. He smoked himself for a long time. Spider had a great many children all over the house. As Weasel continued smoking, all the little Spiders fell down. Spider said, "That's enough, my children are pretty nearly all dead." Weasel continued smoking. Spider was meaning: "I am nearly dead, don't smoke any more." At last he fell down dead. Weasel took out his younger brother and stepped over him, so he came to life again. He said, "It was pretty warm in my uncle's house, I slept too much." "That's not your uncle, he's no good, he bit you to death." They went away. The older brother kicked the Spider's house, then it burst up.

* This recital by Jack was told as a separate story.

** It is not clear why Sun and Moon were represented as brothers by Jack.

*** Jack here gave some details which I was unable to understand fully. It seems that Sun was angry because the older Weasel slept too much, so that his brother could run around without supervision.

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13. WITO'WINUK

[Jack.] Witu'winuk had a camp in a rock. He was a big old man. Once an old woman went out digging wild potatoes. He called to her, "Come here, I have plenty of meat, come and eat, then go digging potatoes!" She went there. He caught her, choked her to death, cut her up, and ate her.

When she did not come home, the other women began to look for her. They saw lots of blood where she had been cut up. "We'll seize him and kill him," they said. They took stone knives and cut him all to pieces. This was 'way down toward Hot Springs. There was no more Witu'winuk then. The women said, "He won't bother Indian women digging potatoes any more."

13. THE BIG BIRD

[Dave.] A big bird had his nest about four miles from McKinney, in the middle of Lake Tahoe. His name was A'y and he ate Indians. He stayed there during the daytime, but in the evening began to fly around looking for people. Early in the spring the Washo would begin to go over from this (Carson) valley to get fish by spearing, for at that season they were hard up for meat. Then there would be a camp by every creek flowing into the lake. The bird would look around, see the fires, and know when to catch Indians. He would alight on a big tree, which he sometimes broke by his weight. Seizing an Indian, he would fly back to his nest. This happened every year. The Indians were helpless with their bows and arrows.

One old man was picked up by the bird; he had a bow and arrows in a deerskin quiver, also some obsidian [?]. The old man shaded his eyes, looking as if dead. A'y put him down in the nest, where half the body of another Indian was lying uneaten. The bird said, "This is a good thing; first I'll eat what is left, then tomorrow I'll eat this old fellow." The Washo listened to him. A'y picked up the big shoulder of the corpse and, shading his eyes, swallowed the whole body. The old man shut his eyes as if dead. The bird always shut his eyes while eating. The Washo put in a sharp, black stone with the body, so the bird swallowed it with the flesh. It cut up the bird's inside. "What's the matter? My inside is hurting, I have a pain in my stomach." He began to yell. "Oh, something is hurting my stomach," he groaned. "I think I shall not live." Soon the nest began to shake as he shook his wings. He nearly died, groaning, "I shall not live any more." The old man listened. Soon the bird died. The Washo got a stone knife, cut off his wing, tied it with buckskin string, and made a boat. He jumped in, and it went without oars. He landed toward Hot Springs at one end of the lake. There were lots of Indians then, no whites. They looked at the wing. The old man was nearly starved, he was hardly able to walk. He told everyone he had killed A'y. "He won't eat Washo any more." They were glad to hear it and were not afraid any longer. The bird had hidden under dead trees.

14. THE GIANTS

[Dave.] Between Sparks and Wadsworth an Indian had a fish house. He speared four or five big fish before sunrise. Several Washo came from near the site of Reno. A giant about thirteen feet tall watched them from the mountains. He came down where the fisherman was sitting down with his spear, and seized it when the Washo was trying to spear a fish. "What's the matter? Something has hold of my pole." He jumped up and saw the giant. He asked, "Who are you?" The giant did not answer, but made signs pointing to the camp and a sign for sleeping and asking for one fish to eat. The Washo gave him one, then the giant asked for all the fish. The fisherman would not give them to him, but shouted at his friends: "Come here, my friends, some strange person is taking fish from me." Two others came up, yelling, carrying bows and arrows. They looked at the giant, who ran away. They pursued him but could not keep up with him. There were about a dozen Giant camps south of Pyramid Lake, and the Indians said they were going to war against them.

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● 532 The three Washo told their friends, "Something we don't know tried to catch fish away from us." The war chief talked, calling all the Washo together to fight. No Paiute were living at that time; they were all by Walker Lake. Three days after the speech all came together. They went down along the river and saw the giant's tracks. His feet were as long as an Indian's arm and his steps were about twenty feet long. The chief said, "I wonder where their camp is." They went all day from Reno and got to the place about sunset. They made a fire, ate, set out again, and got to within one-half mile of the lake. The chief sent two young fellows to scout. About 4 o'clock they attacked the giants, who threw rocks but had no other weapons. The Washo shot and killed four or five of them, leaving only three alive. "We'll let them be and go back." The giants had no weapons, no blankets, just rock walls piled up. The hole is there yet and can be seen now.

The Paiute, who until then had been afraid of the giants, heard about this battle and came from Walker River. The surviving giants went away; later the Paiute went there and held the land around the lake, getting plenty of fish to eat. They paid the Washo buckskins for driving away the giants and told them to get fish from Pyramid Lake whenever they wanted to.

All got fish houses up to Derby Dam and toward Sparks on both sides of the river. There is a big rocky point there close to the river. Plenty of mountain sheep were on the mountain this side of Derby Dam. They were pretty wild. The Indians hunted them. Sometimes a big herd would come down from the rocks to get water. The Indians watched for them but could not shoot them. They made a big net-like rope and a fence. A dozen men stood at either end and drove the game between the fences. An old woman made fire to cook the game. The men came together for the drive, but the sheep were not afraid of anything, jumped over the fence, and got away, all of them. The old woman, who was hungry and ready to eat, cried.

13. BULLHEAD

[Dave.] Bullhead [fish] went traveling by himself. He heard that many people were dancing by Walker Lake. He started, but being short-legged he could not go fast; it took him two days. He camped out one night. When he got there he made out that he was a little boy and hid behind the sagebrush. A woman gathering wood saw him. He was sitting down, playing like a boy. She did not know whose child it was, went home with the wood, and asked her husband to look. He went and looked around. Bullhead remained sitting; he knew the man was coming for him. The man asked, "Whose boy are you?" "I belong to strange people you have never known; I come from a great distance." "Where do you come from?" Bullhead told him. He asked the man, "When are you people going to begin to dance?" "After supper. There will be lots of people you have never seen and they will be very glad to see you." "I wish to do that, I am always good at looking, I'll look at your people dancing. Have you got some food at home? I am hungry, I have traveled far."

The man took him along. "You'll get all you want and will look on tonight." He gave him small fish, and pine-nut soup in a nice basket. Bullhead sat down and ate and drank. He broke up a piece of the cooked fish, then pushed the rest back. "That's all I can eat, I haven't room enough in my stomach for more. I only swallow a few mouthfuls, then I have enough." He took out a tobacco bag with a pipe, lit the pipe, and smoked, raising his head.

Bullhead said, "Call your chief, I want to talk to him." His host went, and the chief came back with him. Bullhead said, "The day before yesterday I heard you were going to have a good time here, so I came. I couldn't get here sooner, so I camped out. I started early in the morning and got to this man's house." The chief said, "We have had a big time here." "I thought I'd get to your place, I want to see you, that's why I sent for you." "All right, this camp is just the same as mine, these are all my people, you won't get lost. Everyone knows you are a good fellow, I suppose." "That's what I wanted you to tell me. Tomorrow morning I'll go near where you had your fun and stand close by the water."

1: Lowie E-5 (1926) 1939 NT20 Washo NT20

"All right, tomorrow morning we'll do that for you." "All the women and children shall come to see me as I stand up there. Tell your people each one to put his finger on me. Then you'll all feel well if you touch me. I'll show you the way I do to some people."

The chief called the people. "Each of you shall put his finger on him." They all did so, some reaching over the heads of others. There was something sticky on his body and they all stuck to him. "You have done what I asked you." "Yes," said the chief, "all have done it." Then the fish jumped into the water, diving into the deepest place under a big hole and drowning them all. Blood was running out. He scalped all the bodies and let the corpses drift. He could hardly pack all the scalps when he got out. He sat down, pulled out all the scalps on the land, and picked out the best ones with long hair, leaving the poor ones aside. He spread them out and dried them. "That's what I wanted. I got all the meat and scalps. Maybe I shall not get home for some days." Then he cut willows and made a big basket to hold the scalps. He filled it and tied a tumpline of buckskin string to it. It was so heavy that for a long time he could not get up. At last he got hold of a sagebrush and helped himself up. He had a small watertight basket filled with water for the journey. He could hardly walk with his pack. He went a little way, was tired, and stopped. The next morning he went on. He camped out many nights. He nearly got home. He was so hungry he wanted to cook some of the scalps to eat them. He cooked three or four in the ashes, then went on. He was near home. His wife and children were always watching for him. At last he came up behind something. His son saw him first. "My father is coming with a big load." "Let us all go to meet him and take good food to him." So they went. He said, "I got tired packing this," and gave the bundle to his wife and children. They carried it home. "This is what you wanted me to do, I have got lots of meat for you, take it out and dry it." The woman took it out and dried the scalps on sagebrush. They quickly rotted, the head skin came off, and there was a bad odor. The next morning he called his wife down for it. "That's not the way you ought to have done when I told you to tend the meat, you should have cooked them all." He thus lost them. He woke up in the evening and was furious. He said, "I am not going to hunt for you any more, tend to it yourself. I know you can't do anything. I pack plenty of meat and you spoil it." He left his wife and camped out for two days. Then he returned. He pulled out lots of sagebrush to burn up so as to remove the stench. His son cried about it, saying, "Don't do it, I'll eat the spoiled things." He said, "Your mother spoiled them, maybe we'll get poisoned from them." He left his wife and son together. He said to the boy, "Your mother can tend to you, I'll do what I want." He went to the water and began to stay under the rocks as now. He never appeared again.

16. BIRDS' QUARRELS

[Dave.] Chickenhawk was going together with the black Crow. Crow came from the country where the pine nuts grow. He thought he could come through easily, but could not on account of the ice. He tried to break it, but failed. He tried again the next day, but failed again. He had pine-nut seeds in his mouth ready to plant them. He said to Chickenhawk, "You always kill something with your heart, maybe you can break the ice with it." "That's so, my breast is strong, nothing can resist it. I kill live game with it, perhaps I'll break the ice. I can fly a long way, more than you can. In the morning I'll try to break it, to get through; watch me. I'll fly up as high as I can and hit the ice with my breast." Crow watched. He flew 'way up, hit the ice with his breast, and broke it. Crow liked it very well, and a whole band [of crows] came through with pine nuts in their mouths, taken away from another country.

Chickenhawk laughed at Crow. "You can't do anything as I do, you got stuck at something that was not very hard, you are no man at all." Chickenhawk went away and never met Crow again.

1: Lovie E-5 (1926) 1939 NT20 Washo NT20

●539 [?] Owl (ti'wum) said, "I'll catch mice, that is the only thing I live on." Big Chickenhawk (ma'ʷawi)" said, "Don't keep all of them, I want some for myself, too." They began to quarrel. Owl said, "You are faster than I, you could catch deer, I don't, I never go up the mountains, I live by the willows, where the mice are." "Don't talk that way or I'll kill you." Owl answered, "Don't try to jump on me, I don't try to do anything to you. When I see the mice, I can live on them; you want to kill me for nothing. I want to live."

Buzzard and Eagle also fought over game. Buzzard said, "Don't catch anything in the valley, don't eat everything you kill, I can't look a long distance like you. Have some on the ground for me." Eagle said, "I can't feed you for nothing, you are not my friend or my brother or father." Buzzard was angry. "You are not my friend," he said, "do as you like, I don't care."

17. THE STAR-HUSBANDS

[Jack.] Two Indian women were living in a house on Lake Tahoe. Their mother's father was camping by a river near by. He had a fish house and had plenty of fish. He cut and dried them and hung them up in a tree. He had good big fish. The girls gave him some flour in a basket. He told them he had eaten it all, but actually he had said to himself, "This flour is no good, I won't eat it," and had thrown it away along both sides of the trail. In return he gave the women only one poor fish. One of them said, "Let me go and see the old man." She saw that he had thrown their flour away on both sides of the trail. She was angry and did not go to him, but went a little way to a big tree and cried. Then she went home and told her elder sister, and both cried. They said, "Let's go away, we don't like the old man, he has lots of fish and has only given us one."

They sat down on a willow and, on it, flew up a hill near Genoa. They stayed there all night. They made a fire. The elder sister sat down to cook, while the younger was making a design in basketry, singing, "Don't make any more designs, come here and eat." "Pretty soon I'll come, I'm making a basket design." They lay down to sleep at night. Both looked up and saw many stars. "I think I'll catch that big-eyed one." "I'll catch that small-eyed one, he looks good." The two stars came down, and while the women were asleep, took them through the sky hole they made to the other side. There they had a camp. They had plenty of antelope meat. In the morning the women got up. "I don't know this place. Where have we come to? The stars must have taken us up here." In the morning they cooked the antelope meat and ate.

Their grandfather once more took a little fish to his granddaughters' hut and, without going in, said, "Here's your fish." Then he saw that they were gone. "Well, my grandchildren have gone away, I don't know where; I'll look for their tracks." He looked everywhere but could not find them. Then he went home, packed some dried fish, and went looking for their tracks again. He didn't find them and came to this side of Genoa.

The women had stayed with the Stars almost a week. One Star said, "Dig lots of wild potatoes and bring them here." They went digging and their sharp stick made a hole in the sky. One of them looked down on Carson Valley and saw their grandfather walking everywhere with his fish. "I see our maternal grandfather." "Let me look. . . . Yes, it is he." The two women quickly went home and took a great many antelope sinews. For one or two days they made a rope of them. One end of it they tied to a big tree; then they threw the rope down the sky hole. The next morning they told their husbands, "We are going to dig potatoes and come home by tonight." They went, but both of them began to climb down the rope. One of them had a little baby in a basket cradle. The baby was crying. The other woman said, "Oh, take him out of the cradle and carry him in your arms, he's crying too much in the basket." They had nearly got down to the earth. As soon as the mother took the baby out of the basket, he quickly flew up to his father and began to cry. The Star said, "He's pretty hungry; give him meat." Still he kept on crying, "Tʸdaawa iya [My mother is going on the sinew]." His father said, "Maybe he is hungry, cook doormeat for him." He wouldn't eat, and kept on crying and

[a] Described as having a yellow breast.

1: Lowie E-5 (1926) 1939 NT20 Washo NT2d

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repeating the same words. At last the Star said, "Maybe the two women have gone down. Where is my big knife?" He found it and went running toward the hole. He cut the sinew rope, so that the women fell down and were killed. Their grandfather came along and saw them alongside of each other, and lay down on top of them. Then he died, too.

18. THE WALKING RACE

There were a tall and a short man. The former said, "I can go around the lake [Lake Tahoe] in one day, I don't think anyone else can." The other immediately bet against him, "I can do it, I can beat you walking." He wagered a buckskin, dry fish, arrows, and other things. The tall man said, "You can't walk"; the short one answered, "I can, too, walk." Before sunrise they began. It was pretty hard to get around the lake. They walked all day and got to the north end together, to the site of Tahoe City. The short man came running, he kept going to Emory Bay. He got tired out; the tall man achieved it in one day. It was pretty dark at Emory Bay; there the short man got hungry and lay down. He could go no farther. The taller one got to the goal. The next morning, the short man came home; everybody laughed at him. He was ashamed, did not talk to anyone for three days. This happened before the white people were here.

19. FRAGMENTS

Ka'wai (an animal resembling a mink) shoots and looks around, then hides when someone comes. Chickenhawk (with a white tail) was called sister by him. "Come here, my elder sister, I want to talk to you." Chickenhawk was a little way off and came to Ka'wai, who said, "Will you tell me anything about the hunt? Tell me something, then I'll go. As for me, I do not know where the game go to. I want to kill something we both could eat." His sister said, "My son used to look for game and find something quickly, but he is dead. I am hungry; since there is no one to do this [i.e., hunt] for me, I am poor. I cry all the time. You, my younger brother, bring me what you find and I shall be happy."

Lizard had a flint. When war started he carried the flint on his head, sharpened. "When you start fighting," he said, "I'll put it on the arrow. I might lose it, so I don't put it on the arrow till we go to war."

Once the whole country was a sink. All the people and all the game on this land were drowned except one man and one woman, who went up on the highest mountain, where they had nothing to eat for ten days or two weeks. After a while no rocks were sticking up any more, then all the water went down quickly and flowed away. The couple came down, perhaps they were young, and walked down to the valley. They found meat on the land, ate it, and lived on it for a while. They multiplied, begetting a daughter and a son.

[P.369,A]

776 over, general agreement among informants that the
756 Water Baby could, if he gave his power to a person,
115 demand repayment with the lives of his protégé's close relatives or entire family.[1]

The various powers and activities of the Water
776 Babies are perhaps best described in the following
● 539 stories recounted by informants:

1. "One time my Dad was sick. He called in two, three doctors and they said he had to give a basket to the Water Babies at Lake Ilmenite. There is an island in this lake and my Dad was supposed to go out to that island and leave a basket. I was too young then but he took my brother. They went up there and my Dad just started walking out to the lake and the water never got any deeper than there (pointing to his knees). He walked right on that water. He left that basket and came back and he got well. Them Water Babies helped him walk on the water. My brother saw it happen."

[782] [755]

2. "There is this deep pool up in the mountains. There is a kind of black sucker live there but no Indians ever caught them because that was a Water Baby place and they was Water Baby food. Womens used to sit on a platform of logs and weave baskets there [special baskets for the Water Babies, apparently, such as the one used as offering in the story above]. One time I took another fella like you [anthropologist] up there but when we got there we couldn't find nothing but sand with a little water bubbling up in the middle. He wouldn't believe me. I showed him where them womens had sat but I think he thought I was lying. I guess them Water Babies did something."

[778]

[782]

3. "There is this women called Frances. She was up at Blue Lake with her husband following him along the edge of the lake. It was kind of dark. She saw them little footprints right on top of her husband's in the sand."

4. "I'll tell you what happened to me right in this house about two years ago. I was in bed in that room there and I felt these little hands creeping under the covers. I brushed 'em away but they just come back. They tried to feel me down here [indicating his genitalia]. I yelled for my mother and she come in and said something and something went zip (waving arm violently to indicate direction) right out of that window. We looked out that way [to the south], that's toward Walker Lake. Everything was kind of hazy blue."

[756] In light of Washo views about receiving shamanistic power, it would appear that my informant was suggesting that this visitation was a Water Baby making its patronage known.

776 787 539

5. "My old uncle had been doctoring up by Genoa. He had a tough one and fallen in the fire and burned all his pants off and was walking wearing his coat like a skirt. He got by Wally's Hot Springs when he felt like he wanted a bath. Them Water Babies must have been working on him. He went over by the creek and started to lean over and then he passed out and fell into the water and there was a Water Baby. That Water Baby said, 'come on,' and he took him down to Water Baby country. The chief of the

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[1] Kluckhohn reports that the payment for joining a cannon of Navaho witches is often the life of a relative (1967, p. 181).

4xDowns E-5 (no date) 1981 MTSU Washo MTSU

[P. 367, B]

776 787 539 Water Babies lived in a big house made out of that black shining rock [obsidian]. But they didn't go there. The Water Baby said 'we got some girls that want to give you something,' and he took my uncle to a place and there was five girls there. They all sat around my uncle and sang him a song and told him that it was his song from now on. Then the Water Baby took my uncle back and then he said it was like waking up from a dream and there he was laying in the creek down under a bunch of cattails."[1]

776 539 6. "There was this white man up here fishing. He caught a Water Baby but he didn't know what it was. He thought it was some kind of fish and took it to San Francisco and they put it that place where they have a lotta fish [aquarium]. Captain Jim went all the way down there to tell the mayor that they had better let that Water Baby loose, but nobody would pay no attention to him. Well you know they had a big earthquake down there and the water came up around everything. When it was all over that tank where they had the Water Baby was empty."

THE GIANTS

773 776 Washo mythology features several creatures which may each have contributed to the wild men I will describe in this section. Beth Lowie and Dangberg report myths in which a giant, Hangwuiwui, is the principal figure. Although the myths do not describe him, my informants generally picture him as a colossus who hops on a single leg from the top of one mountain to another. He has a single eye to match his single limb and a proclivity for gobbling up Indians. Several miles southwest of Gardnerville, in the hills overlooking Double Spring Flats, a cave is known by the Washo as Hangwuiwui aq'l (the place where Hangwuiwui lived). Present-day Indians tell a number of stories about this giant and display a certain uneasiness when they are near places he is supposed to haunt.

Another kind of giant appears in a myth reported by Lowie. These beings appear to be considerably more human than Hangwuiwui. Traditionally they camped south of Pyramid Lake and terrorized the Paiutes. However, when one of their number attempted to take fish from a Washo the tribe rallied and routed the giants in a battle near Walker Lake. The giants did not have bows and arrows. They fortified themselves behind rock walls and threw stones.

According to my informant on the subject, the mountains are still the home of a tribe of "wild men." These people have managed to hide the location of their camps so that no one knows where they live. My informant felt that they were in fact some kind of Indian. Despite the mythological ability of the Washo to defeat the giants, modern stories about them suggest they have a great deal of supernatural power in addition to their physical prowess.

539 The following stories were told to me as contemporary or relatively recent occurrences:

1. "There is these wild fellas up in the mountains. I guess you call them giants. One time there was an old man who had set up a blind to hunt chip-

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[1] This story very closely parallels one recorded by James Stirk among the Tolowa. Humboldt Anthropological Society Papers, No. 10, Fall, 1958.

[P. 368, A]

539 munks, like I told you yesterday. He was up in the pine-nut hills and he had killed four chipmunks. One of those fellas come along and he snatched up a chipmunk and he ate it. Then he snatched another and ate it. He tried to grab another but the old man wrestled with him and stopped him from getting the chipmunk and then he got away. He tussled with that wild man and got away. But a long time after when he was real old and went around with a long stick [staff], he went out walking and he didn't come back. They went out looking for him and found his tracks leading up the foot of Job's Peak and they ended there. His stick was stuck in the ground and at the end of his tracks it looked like something had snatched him up."

When I asked if the wild man had gotten him my informant said he thought so. The theme of a wild man's attempting to take part of a catch from a Washo recalls the myth as reported by Lowie, although in the version he recorded the incident occurred between Wadsworth and Sparks and the final battle took place at Walker Lake, whereas my informant changed the locale to the Carson Valley area.

[513] [237] 2. "My old grandfather had this happen to him. He was hunting up by the Lake [Tahoe]. In them days hunters just carried little thin rabbit skin blankets. They covered up their front and put their back to the fire. My old grandfather was just laying there when he noticed the fire going down (maybe that wild man did something to the fire). Pretty soon he saw a big shadow. He was pretty scared and just laid there. Pretty soon he felt a hand feeling his feet and in between his toes and up his leg and all around his hole [anus]. Pretty soon it reached his face and tried to put his finger in my grandfather's mouth. My grandfather bit that finger real hard and the wild man yelled and ran away."

I asked if the wild men still existed and my informant replied: "Sure. They are up there in the mountains. They are pretty smart and you can't see them. But us Washo can hear them talking. We can understand their language. I have thought a lot about it and they should have called some Washo over to Oroville when they caught that fella over there. I read about it in the newspaper when I was younger. I know they had a lot of them California Indians come up there but they couldn't understand him. I'll bet a Washo could have understood him." I asked if he thought it had been a wild man and he nodded in affirmation.

The "wild man" of course was the now-famous Ishi, the last of the Southern Yana who wandered half starved into a slaughterhouse in Oroville in 1911.

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THE COYOTE AND OTHER FIGURES

Washo myths contain a number of tales about a bumbling, not very bright, generally malevolent Coyote, who as a companion of Wolf seems to devote a great deal of time to eating Indians and to sexual misadventures.

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973 Modern Washo seem less willing than their forebears to weave Coyote into tales but are no less conscious of his malevolent presence. Psychiatric clients and victims or dream of Coyote (d'Azevedo and Morrison 1957), and quick asides about Coyote's influence are apt to come up in conversation either as tentative jokes or in seriousness. One tale of a modern occurrence involving Coyote did come my way through the kindness of Warren d'Azevedo. His informant was the brother-in-law of my own informant and, like his kinsman, a seeminystic, very conscious of his influences and credited by other Washo with powers beyond those of an ordinary man in hunting.

[795] [787] [528] [539] [115] [756]

> "I was staying in this shack with the guy who owned it. One night he didn't come home but I kept hearing something walking around that shack. The next morning when that guy came home he was all tired out and there was Coyote tracks all around that shack. I got my gun and told that guy to stay away from me" (d'Azevedo).

773 The Aq, a huge man-eating bird described in Lowie's myth number 13, is no longer alive, but according to several informants the creature's bones or at least the island on which it nested can be seen by people flying over the lake because they are only a bit below the surface. Washo insist that white airplane pilots see the shape of the island daily but keep silent because they don't want to confirm an Indian story. One day on a trip around Lake Tahoe my Indian companion, a sometime leader among the Washo asked: "If we get that money from our claim do you think one of them archeologist fellas could go down under the water and find that there aq bird's skeleton?"

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773 178 The foregoing paragraphs illustrate the tenacity with which Washo mythology has maintained itself among these people. The entirety of many of the myths is no longer part of the repertoire of every adult Washo, but variations, on-the-spot reconstructions, and the introduction of mythological themes into contemporary stories of a secular nature are definitely part of the oral literature of the Washo.

It is interesting to note that some aspects of Washo mythology appear to have more viability than others. Thus the Water Baby remains an important and vital aspect of modern Washo life, as does the Coyote. The twin weasels have lost much of their appeal, as has the giant Hangawuiwu. The giants of the mountains are acknowledged to be alive today but are seldom referred to, whereas Coyote and Water Baby are almost always mentioned and spoken of as living entities even by the most progressive Washo.

771 Except for the making of offerings to nature, which may be defined as purely religious, other religious or ritual activities dealing with what we would call the supernatural are so integrated with other aspects of Washo life as to be almost inseparable. Thus in describing the religious activities of the Washo I will proceed through various phases of their life, pointing out the ritual actions which are part of Washo behavior in specific situations.

[782] [182] [124]

a:Downs E-6 (no date) 1961 NTS9 Washo NTS9

[R 392, A]

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fetal. Meeting officials fan it into the atmosphere and "rub" themselves in the smoke to obtain power or purification. This has a connection with traditional Washo ritual, but the relationship is unclear and the aboriginal practices obscure. One group of Washo, which was assigned a special place in the large camp circle formed during the pine-nut dances held at Double Springs Flats in the late nineteenth century, is said to have special rights in connection with cutting cedar. Modern informants do not have a clear picture of what the rights were or what the customs surrounding cedar were. One informant did say that if the cedar "branch" found anyone else with cedar they would say "you aren't supposed to have that" and would make fun of them. She could offer no further details or explanations.

SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT
(2342-2344)

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(172)

There is no real distinction in the Washo mind between a doctor and a sorcerer or witch. Particularly powerful doctors were able to kill their enemies. One of the most feared bits of paraphernalia was an obsidian point found by a doctor. These large points were not made by Washo and are apparently remnants of some previous cultural occupation in the area. If a Washo finds one point up he carefully knocks it over with a long stick before touching it. These points are called shamkillers, but I was unable to learn exactly how they were used. They are still viewed with a certain amount of awe, and the finding of a large point in a campsit in Smith Valley was known to Woodfords, fifty miles away.

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(484)
(361)
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Sorcery was used to explain the abandonment of an ancient campsite at Dangberg's Hot Springs. This site is a trove of grinding stones, points, and other Washo artifacts. Formerly there were numerous skeletons in the area, according to both Indian and white informants. However, the site has not been occupied in historic times because of the following incident.

(539)

"One winter there was a lot of Washos camped around the hot springs. My old aunt was camped there. There was this northern Washo [from Sierra Valley] came into the camp. Nobody knew'd him and nobody would feed him. But my old aunt fed him. But he was mad at them people so he went to Markleville and made a lot of medicine. [Why he went to Markleville is unclear. This is the site of another hot springs, a fact which may figure in the magic used.] After he made medicine for a while he kind of spit on his fingers and pointed at Dangberg Hot Springs. Right where he pointed all the grass got brown; you can still see that line of brown if you know where to look, and a lot of Indians died. Nobody ever went back there. My old aunt she didn't die."

(731)

Only one Washo disputed this story. She, a very progressive old woman and sometime Christian, attributed the deaths to an epidemic and "didn't think" the doctor was responsible.

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Witchcraft and sorcery among the present-day Washo is a difficult subject to investigate. Even among themselves it is treated with extreme indirection and veiled hints. In discussing the problem with d'Azevedo I found that we were in agreement that a number of

[P.374, A]

DREAMS AND DREAMERS

(1966)

Mentioned almost as frequently as doctors are dreamers, whom the Washo view as distinct from shamans. The so-called antelope shaman and rabbit boss fall into this category rather than that of doctor.

Dreamers were gifted with a power to foretell special classes of events in dreams. All Washo believe dreams are likely to foretell the future, and they are alert to find meanings in any dreams they have. Certain persons, those thought of as "dreamers," are reported to have special gifts of this nature.

There are apparently no dreamers among the Washo today, in the sense that the term was used in times past. That is, no one is especially singled out as having infallible dreams foretelling certain classes of events. It may be that the breakdown of the band structure, which was related to economic exploitative activity, in effect, forced everyone to dream for himself. In the past, dreamers were particularly important in setting the time and place for activities which were carried out by large groups, such as hunting, fishing, pine-nut gathering, and war. With the disappearance of the last semicommunistic bands in the middle 1930's, as well as with the reduced importance of hunting and fishing as group activities, persons having dreams which directed group actions were no longer useful. Today, dreams appear to occur to a number of individuals, and those felt to be of social significance usually deal with catastrophe or other foreboding subjects. The following stories were told to me by the widow under the shadow of witchcraft. When I asked her if she thought any of her friends would tell me their dreams, she replied: "No I don't think no Washo would tell you their dreams. But I'm not superstitious about them things and I'll tell you these two dreams I had."

"One summer I was up at the Lake [Tahoe] with my husband and I had a dream that the gambling house at Dresslerville [a structure known officially as the community center] was on fire. There was kids inside and they was screaming but there wasn't no water. I saw the men all around with buckets but they couldn't do nothing because there wasn't no water. I told my husband about the dream the next morning and he said I should take a bath and pray. That's what we do to keep a bad dream from happening."

The following winter the community center did in fact burn down. A young Indian in a rage after having an argument with his father hurled a bottle of kerosene against a wood stove. The resulting fire could not be extinguished because the Dresslerville pump was not working. Whether the dream was really a prophecy after the fact I do not know. It is significant in any case that the prophecy appeared in the form of a dream. My informant's second dream foretold the violent death of a young Indian woman. The prophecy came true two years later.

Her statement that other Washo would be reluctant to discuss their dreams was all too true, confirming the importance that dreams play in their daily lives. A number of tangential remarks suggest that the belief that dreams confer advance knowledge of the future and that

[P. 380, 8]

dreamers. This power made him extremely influential among the Washo, and his descendants are considered among the claimants for the "chieftainship." There appear to have been formalized prayers which were said before the hunt by a man with power over rabbits.

Today, rabbit hunts are invariably held on Sunday. In the words of one informant: "Nowadays anybody can just say 'Let's have a hunt this Sunday.'[1] They have to hunt on Sunday because most of the men have jobs during the week."

The disintegration of the ritualized aspects of rabbit driving is not complete, however, and many Washo prefer to hunt with a certain man who lives in the Indian colony at Carson City. While no one will openly claim that he has supernatural power, it seems clear that his presence is important to other Indians. His role is that of leader or captain who superintends the order and discipline of the line of hunters who today sweep a wide area, armed with shotguns. D'Azevedo, who was fortunate enough to take part in a hunt in 1955, states that prior to the hunt this man withdrew from the group. When he asked what the leader was doing he met evasion, and he concluded that perhaps the man was praying. In the period covered by the memory of my oldest informants, dances were often staged nightly during the rabbit drives. The dancing is invariably described as "just for fun" and probably was more social than religious, but such dancing appears to have been part of other ceremonial or semiceremonial occasions such as the girls' dances, first-fish ceremonies and the pine-nut dances. It seems clear that whatever tendency there was to shift the ritualized aspects of antelope hunting to rabbit drives has been stemmed by a growing dependence of the Washo on wage labor which precludes their response to dream-inspired hunts.

Bear (258, 2558-2561).—Bear hunting appears never to have been a subsistence activity among the Washo. Many informants stoutly deny that bear meat was ever eaten, although bear were hunted. No Washo ever gave a direct answer to the question of why they hunted bear if they didn't eat the meat. Others stated that the bear might be eaten in extreme starvation conditions but was never eaten regularly.

On the other hand, almost all Washo men were able to describe in detail the method of hunting and they obviously enjoyed telling bear-hunting stories. The following story told to me by one of the eldest men in Dresslerville, who claims it was told to him by a very old man, is consistent with the stories told by other informants.

> "There was hardly any Washo who kill bear. But I know this much . . . the man who went in there and did it tells me . . . bears have their own home in the rocks . . . a hole going in the rocks. Go in there naked with a knife or arrow in one hand and burning pitch in other . . . light scares him out [the bear], then other men shoot the bear in the mouth with poison arrow [see deer hunting for reference to poison] . . . get sick for four or five days, maybe a week. Then the man goes back in. Hardly any Indians could do this."[2]

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[1] This statement was made to point out to me that in other times only special people, inspired by dreams, would have suggested a rabbit hunt.

[2] This kind of a statement was common and whenever it was made suggestions of special power were made explicit later in the conversation, or were implied by the attitude of the informant.

[P. 381, A]

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●[539] I've heard that they cook it and eat it . . . not only here but up north. After they get the rifle they get to killing bears around here but hardly ever hear of dividing up the bear meat."

[825] This last remark appears to be significant as all informants emphasized that Indians shared food equally. Thus a statement made voluntarily that bear meat was not shared suggests different attitudes about bears.

[302] Another informant adds the detail that when the bear left his lair, the companions of the man who entered the den would block the entrance so the bear could not return. The first man to place an arrow in the animal could claim it and get the hide. This informant also added at this point: "It's funny that the fella who went inside was just an ordinary fella [emphasis mine]." He also insisted that after a bear was killed the hunting party painted their faces black. Other informants claimed not to know of this or said such painting was done when a mink was killed but they did not know why.

[539] [643] One traditional story (Dangberg) sheds a bit more light on the bear. In this tale a group of Washo were camped near a band of Paiute who challenged the Washo to fight. Instead of fighting, the Washo drove a bear from its den and killed it and thus defeated the Paiute.

[124] I had all but given up the pursuit of information on the bear, being convinced that my informants either honestly did not know any more (the bear having been relatively rare in this area for a good many years) or were unwilling to discuss something of an extremely sacred nature, when a chance remark suggested at least part of the explanation.

224 554 [764] A pioneer white resident who had lived in Alpine County, California, for ninety years casually mentioned that every Indian man who was buried during his boyhood was wrapped in a bearskin shroud. This, coupled with an earlier mention of "rough" men having bearskins, suggests that the killing of a bear represented the ultimate in Washo bravery and the possession of the skin conferred extra powers on the owner. The rifle made such acquisitions much less hazardous and in the late nineteenth century it had become common for Indians to own a bearskin cloak, which became their most prized possession and was buried with them.

[789] [764]

796 825 171 114 [795] [756] Stewart's element lists show no evidence of any formalized bear cult among the Washo. However, Smith's notes, which Stewart used, report a bear shaman who impersonated a bear (2558). Certainly the bear was one of the spirits who could give power to a man destined to become a shaman. Bear shamanism is reported only for the Fish Spring Valley Paiute by Steward and for the Tago and Wada Northern Paiute by Stewart. These three groups constitute the only ones having formalized bear ceremonialism of any sort in the Basin. The bear dance and a note about impersonating bears (Steward 1941, pp. 265, 322) suggest that formalized bear ceremonialism came into the Basin from the Rocky Mountains via the Ute and Bannock. However, Kroeber reports awe of the bear, special euphemisms for them, and ritualized secrecy about hunting them among the Miwok which seem more closely related to Washo behavior. Bear impersonators among the Battle Mountain Paiute were credited with invulnerability in war, which is reminiscent of the use of a bear-hide cloak by Washo "rough men." Although it is not possible to make any conclusive statement about the role of the bear in the supernatural life of

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that some sounds have a "happy sound," others a "sad and serious sound," but he was unable to give examples of what was meant.

It is worthwhile to cite the words of two other informants in this connection. Informant X noted:

> The Shoshone and Paiute use their own words. The Washo language is too slow . . . and words that have the right meaning are too long. The only meaning is in the other language, but I don't know the meaning. I only know my own feelings. We just sing the songs as a tune.

Informant Y reported:

> The words got a meaning, but not like ordinary words. We sing different songs for different times. We start out with certain songs before midnight and other songs later. . . . That's the way I was told about them. Each song represents some things . . . like a sick person sings to feel good. The words mean something in another Indian language. Sometimes we put Washo words in. It is pretty good to put your own words in; then you know what you are saying. But I follow the song just as I learned it, because the Washo didn't have that way of worshipping.

The English words, "Jesus only one," appear in three songs. It is not unusual to find English words and phrases appearing in American Indian songs, but they are not usually of this particular context. In connection with the song, the singer noted that the words were "a necessary part of the song. They are always sung with it," while another informant reported that the English words are put in the songs "for the benefit of people who don't speak the language of the song. That's so they can understand something."

In general, the Washo texts seem to conform to the overall Peyote style.

Instrumental accompaniment

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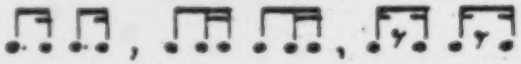
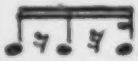
All songs are accompanied by the rattle shaken by the singer, and the drum played by a second musician. There is no other instrumental or vocal accompaniment.

The rhythmic patterns used by the drummer are almost totally unvaried—the standard beat is a steady evenly-spaced series of eighth notes. The rattle, on the other hand, is played in a considerable variety of patterns ranging from a simple succession of quarter or eighth notes to such configurations as:



Of special note is a pattern in which the rattle player establishes a beat which can only be classified as "hot":



while the "hot" beat is admittedly a somewhat vague concept from the analytical standpoint, it is readily apparent to the ear and distinctly present in several of the Washo songs. This is the only instance of a hot beat in American Indian music known to the present authors.

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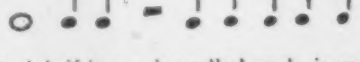
533 There is no suggestion of polymeter in the songs, even in such usage as melodic triplets on a duple rhythmic base.

It is difficult to establish clearly the relationship, if any, between melodic and drum pitches. In songs in which the subjective tonic and duration tones (see below, p. 638) are identical, drum pitch is the same in but one case. In three songs, the drum pitch is two semitones above the ST-DT; in six songs it falls on the sixth degree of scale, in one case on the fourth degree, and in one case on the third degree. These relationships do not seem to indicate a clear tuning of drum in order that melodic pitch may be taken from it. At the same time, it is fairly noticeable that when drum pitch changes within a song cycle, the subjective tonic seems also to change; when drum pitch remains stable, subjective tonic tends to remain stable. It should be pointed out that the drummer changes pitch before the singer—that is, between songs—and thus it seems unlikely that it is he who alters his drum pitch to conform to the pitch chosen by the singer. At the same time, Washo singers say that "the drummer is supposed to tune to the singer and follow the rhythm of the gourd," or "the drummer has to tune the drum according to the singer's pitch." No distinct relationship can be established here; it seems, however, that drum pitch is probably used by the singer, either consciously or unconsciously, as a guide.

Instrumental and vocal introductions and closings

In discussing instrumental introductions and closings, it is perhaps wisest to follow through a single cycle of four songs. Cycle I is begun with 72 beats of drum and rattle alone, and the first song terminated by a drum tremolo which decrescendos from *forte* to *piano* and which is followed by a single eighth note tap. The tempo is then resumed almost immediately on the drum, the rattle rejoins it, volume is increased to *forte*, and 52 beats mark what seems to be the introduction to the second song. Song 2 again closes with a drum tremolo alone, the same decrescendo, followed by the resumption of tempo, the rejoining of the rattle, and crescendo, for 48 beats to the third song. Song 3 is not closed by a tremolo; rather, there is a brief space of two beats of silence, after which drum and rattle resume at tempo for 96 beats. The final song ends with a drum tremolo. In general, this is the pattern for all songs, with some slight variations such as the substitution of a rattle for the drum tremolo, changes in length of percussion material between songs, and other minor points. It should be pointed out that there is but one clear break between songs in any cycle; this occurs between songs 2 and 3 in Cycle III and is probably traceable to nervousness on the part of the performers.

There are four instances of vocal introductions in the 21 songs; in song II,1, typical of the group, the singer uses a succession of tones on the tonic:



This introductory material, if it can be called such, is separated from the true

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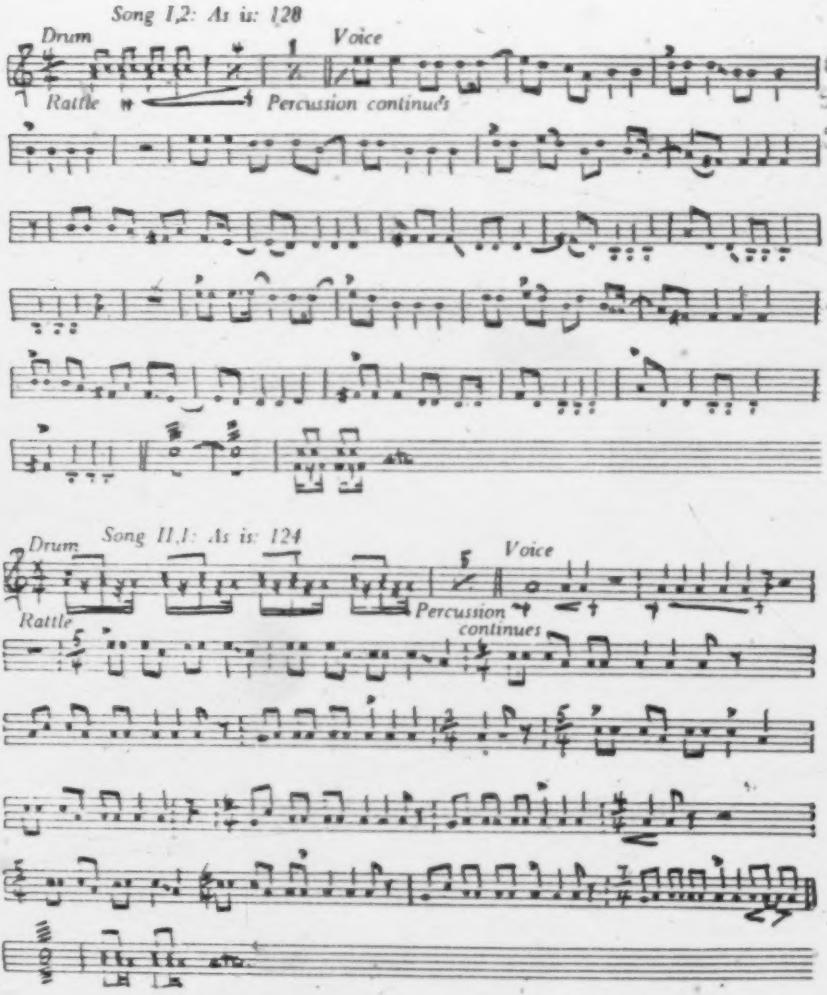
In addition, the dip or "double portamento," in which a pitch is established, allowed to slide downward for variable distance, and then returned to its original frequency, is found in three songs. The bend, a less marked version of the dip, appears in one song. No auxiliary tones are used as such.

Some use of dynamics is evident in both instrumental and vocal lines; the former is discussed elsewhere in this paper. Strong dynamics on the part of the singer are found in two songs; in II,3, a closing *sforzando* on the final tone; in song II,2, a definite decrescendo in a long falling phrase which is repeated in subsequent renditions. While strong dynamic ranges are not characteristic

[text continues on p. 634]



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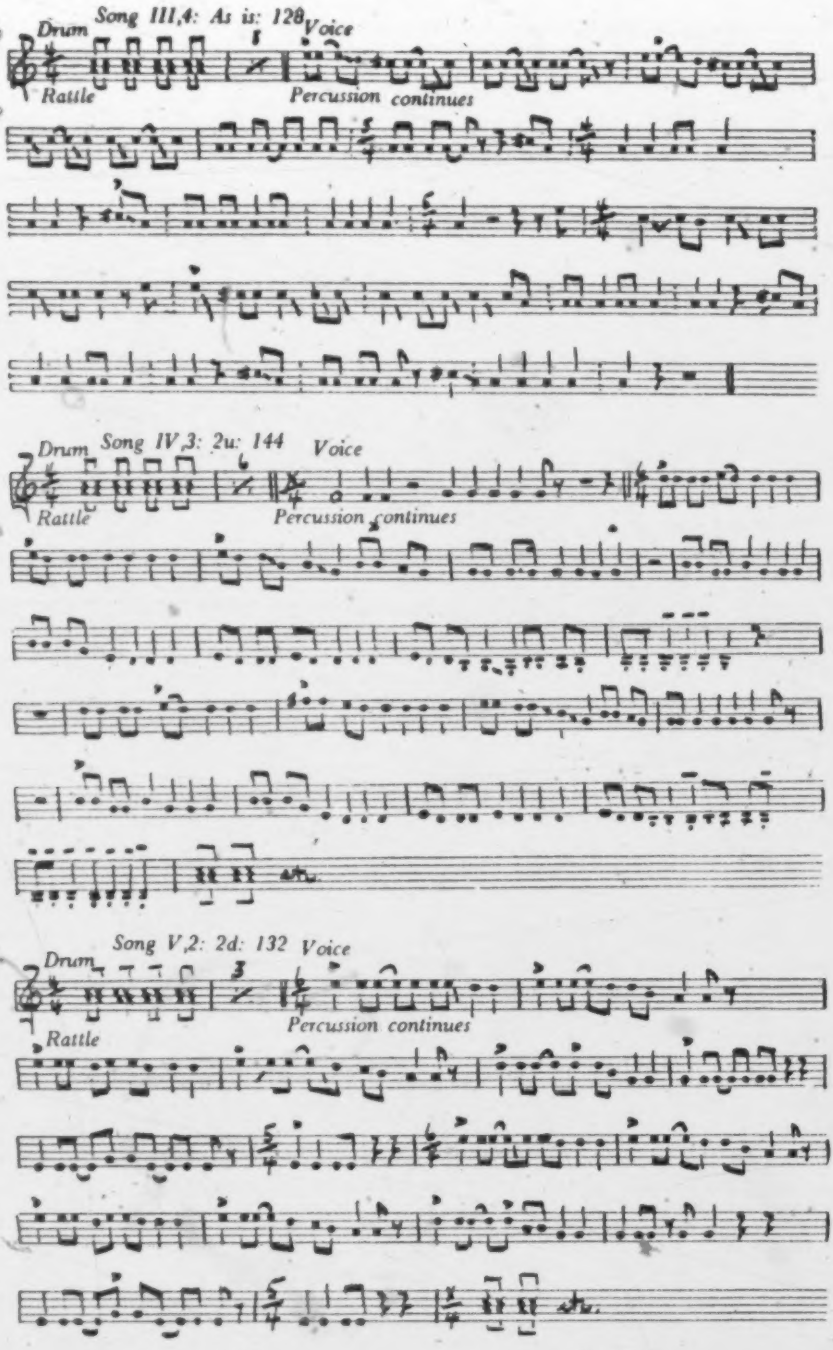

a cold layer to prevent her being burned. Grass, bark, or cedar boughs were then used to make the bed. The most common bed was a pad of braided sagebrush bark. The used grass, bark, or cedar boughs were buried and the ground was reheated each time the bed was changed.

There was considerable variation in these practices. For example, Clara Frank had 13 children. Her mother was the midwife for the first two. For the third baby Clara hired a midwife, who did not tie the cord properly and the baby died. Clara did not use a midwife for her next 10 children and did everything herself, including the making of her own warm bed of sand for delivery. Clara Frank and Hank Pete claimed that a separate house was never prepared, the delivery taking place within the regular house.

Bertha Holbrook said that the use of this type of warm bed delays menstruation until six or seven months after the delivery, whereas menstruation after a hospital delivery takes place within a month or two.

The woman lay flat on her back during delivery. The midwife tied a buckskin belt around the mother above the child and then worked the belt down by pressure in rhythm with the birth movements. One woman said that the woman was shaken to aid the delivery. Should the infant be in a difficult position for delivery, the midwife attempted to manipulate it into a better position.

Hank Pete said "Sometimes the little baby is twisted around. They have the mother sit up and they feel for the position of the baby's head and legs. Then they have the mother lay on one side while they press at the baby's legs and push them into position and the mother is rolled to her other side. This is done again until they are satisfied. The first baby a woman has takes longer. Maybe a couple of hours to deliver."

Just before the infant was born a prayer for the health, life, and quick delivery of the child was given. The following is an example from Dangberg (1919, 30) with a translation by Roy James and orthography by William H. Jacobsen, Jr.

gólaš gepímiʔ miłíʰgihi.	"Hurry up. Crawl out. I'll see you soon.
gólaš gepímiʔ miłíʰgihi.	Hurry up. Crawl out. I'll see you soon.
melémiʔmi, miłíʰgimelémiʔmi.	Hurry out so I can see you.
ɬémuyi hakí.	For sure that's the way.
gólaš hákimiłíʰgiʔńawhi.	Hurry up. That's the way. I'm going to see you."